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The

Abbatt Birthday Book

Harriet Marchter

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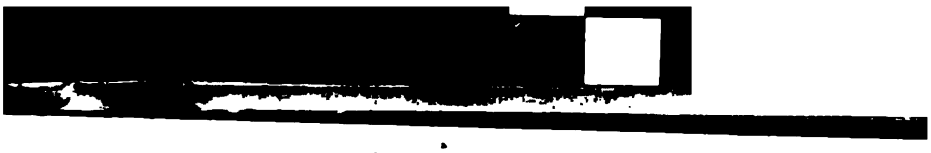
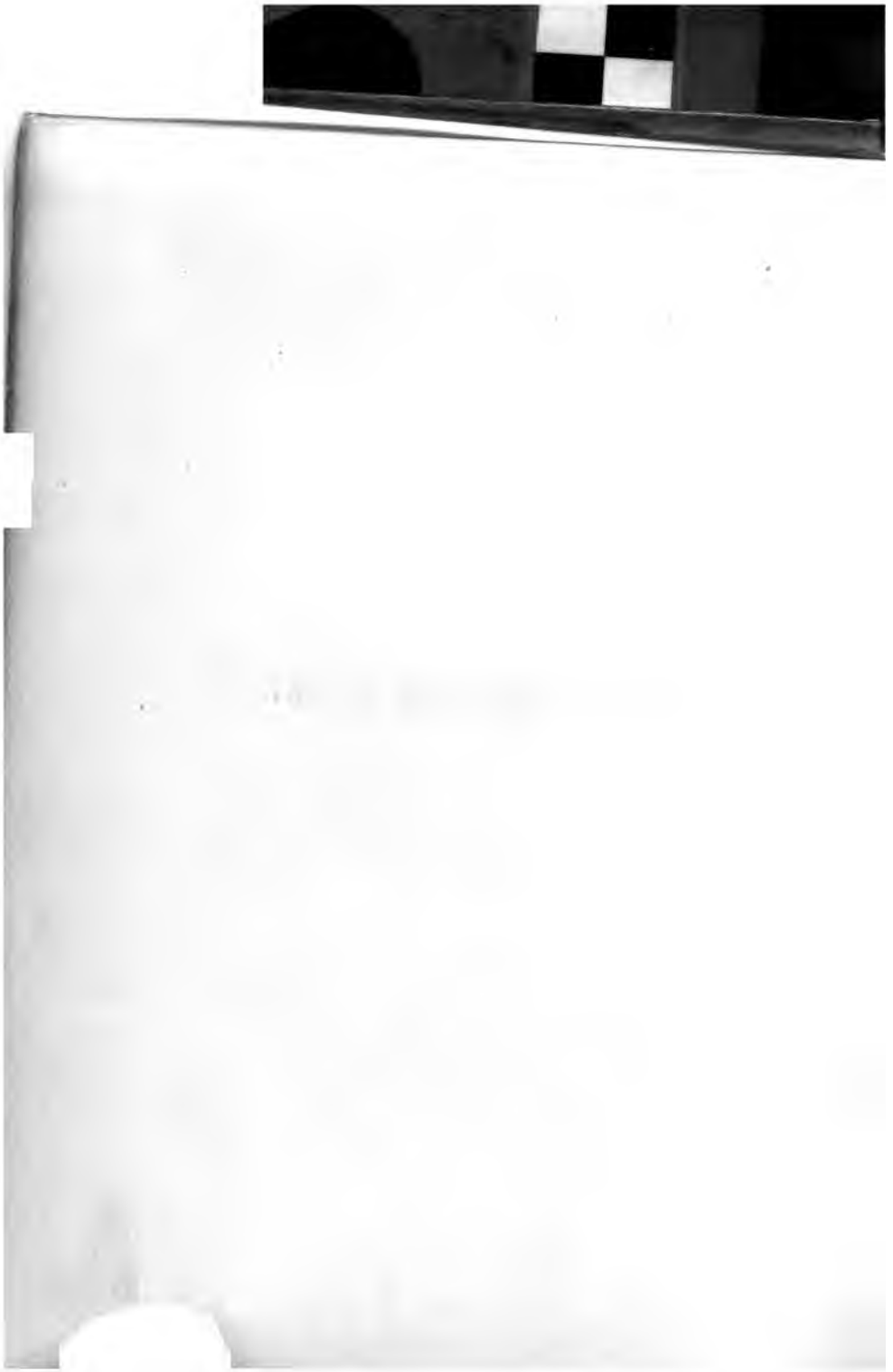


The Chaucer Birthday Book.



CHAUCER.

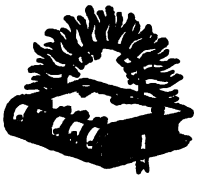
Al pough his lyfe be queynt ye resemblaunce
Of him hay in me so fresh lyflynesse,
Pat to putte other men in remembraunce
Of his personer haue heere his lyknesse
Vp make to pis ende in sothfastnesse:
Pat pei pat haue of him left yought Inpnde
Py pis peynture may ageyn him fynde.

The Chaucer Birthday Book.

Compiled by Harriet Waechter.

For oute of olde feldys, as men seyth
Cometh al thys newe corn fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bokes, in good feythe
Cometh al thys.

"The Assembly of Fowles."



London:
Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh,
At the sign of the Bible and Sun,
and
Sydney, N. S. W.
Mdcccl xxxix.

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Shakespeare Head

Chiswick Press:—C. Whittingham and Co., Tooks Court,
Chancery Lane.

Dedication.

But myne entent and all my bely cure
Is for to write thys tretelle, as I can,
Unto my mother, ſtable, true and ſure
Feithfull and kynde
To her be all the pleaſure of this boke
That when her like, ſhe may it rede and loke.

"The Court of Love."

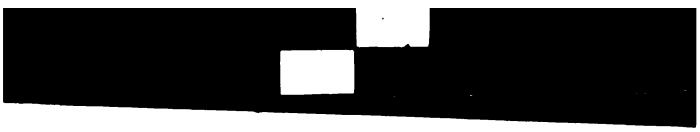
January.

The-bittre frostes with the sleet and reyn
Destroyed hath the grene in every yerd;
Janus sit by the fyr with double berd,
And drynketh of his bugle horn the wyn;
Biforn him stant brawn of the tusked swine.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

January 1.

. . . . . and they in courteous wyſe
Diden to him both worſhip and ſervyſe,
In truſt that he hath conning them to rede
In every peril which that was to drede.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

But for to ſpeak of vertuous beautee,
Then was ſhe oon the faireſt under ſonne.
"The Clerkes Tale."



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HARVARD COLLEGE
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Shapleigh Bond

Chiswick Press:—C. Whittingham and Co., Tooks Court,
Chancery Lane.

Dedication.

But myne entent and all my bely cure
Is for to write thys tretelle, as I can,
Unto my mother, stable, true and sure
Feithfull and kynde
To her be all the pleasure of this boke
That when her like, she may it rede and loke.

"The Court of Love."

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The-bittre frostes with the sleet and reyn
Destroyed hath the grene in every yerd;
Janus sit by the fyr with double berd,
And drynketh of his bugle horn the wyn;
Biforn him stant brawn of the tusked swine.
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Dſden to him both worſhip and ſervyſe,
In truſt that he hath conning them to rede
In every peril which that was to drede.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

But for to ſpeak of vertuous beautee,
Then was ſhe oon the fairеſt under ſonne.
"The Clerkes Tale."

January 2.

He was in lothe, without excepcioun,
To speke of manhed, oon the best on lyve.
"Complaynte of a Lover's Life."

There nys so high comfort to my pleasaunce
As for to have leyser of remembraunce,
Upon the manhod and the worthynesse,
Upon the trouthe, and on the stedfastnesse
Of him whos I am whiles I may dure.
"Complaynte of Mars and Venus."

January 3.

Wel cowde he ſitte on hors and faire ryde.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Here ys no home, here ys no wyldernelle.
Forth, pilgrims! Forth, beſt, out of thy ſtalle.
Look up on hye and thonke God of alle.
Weyve thy luſte and let thy goſte the lede,
And trouthe the ſhal delyvere, hit is no drede.
"Legende of Goode Women."

January 4.

And here I bowe me feithfull, trewe and kinde,
Withoute offence of mutabilite,
Humbly to serve while I have wytte and minde
Myne hole affiaunce and my lady free.

"The Court of Love."

Werk alle thy thynges by conseil, and thou shalt never repente.

"Tale of Melibeus."

January 5.

He is ek oon the grettest of this toun.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

. . . . . of shape the gentillest
That ever she among hir werkes konde,
The moste benigne and eke the goodlyeste,
In hir was every vertu at his rest,
So ferforthe that Nature herselfe hadde blysse
To look on hir.
"The Assembly of Foules."

January 6.

God lend every trewe man boote of his bale.
"The Chanounes Yemannes Tale."

She durste never seyn or do
But that that hir longed to,
And if a man were in distresse
Hir hert wolde have ful gret pité,
She was so amiable and free.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

January 7.

Her may ye lee, and here may ye prove
That wyf is mannes help and his comfort,
His paradis terrestre, and his disport.
"Chaucer" (Morley's English Writers).

Young was thys queene, and of swich fairnes
That Nature had a joy her to biholde.
"Quene Anelyda."

January 8.

Hor freend in court ay better is
Than peny in purs, certis.
"The Romaunt of the Role."

That no wyght palled hir in hardynelle,
Ne in lynage, ne in other gentilelle,
I lay nat that lche hadde moll kairnelle,
But of hir lchap lche myght not be amended.
"The Monkes Tale."

January 9.

We han don wel with all our myghte,
But we ne kepen have no fame;
Hide our werkes and our name
For Goddy's love! for certes we
Han certeyn doon hyt for bountee
And for no maner other thynge.

"House of Fame."

That of hire smyling was ful symple and coy.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

January 10.

For if the name of gentilesse be referred to renoun and clerenesse of linage, than is gentil name but a foreine thyng.

"Boethius."

Myn hole affiaunce, and my lady free,
My goddesse brighte, my fortune and my ure,
I geve and yeld my harte to the ful sure.

"The Court of Love."

January 11.

Yong, frely and strong, in armes desirous
As eny bacheler of al his hous.
"The Squyeres Tale."

For al thing that is cleped inperfit, is proved inperfit by the amenusynge of perfectioun.
"Boethius."

Ensample of goode and wise workes alle.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

January 12.

He is a man of heigh discrecioun,
I warn yow wel he ys a pallyng man.
"Prologe of the Chanounes Yeman."

Hor therof trewely cometh al goodnesse,
Al honour and al gentilnesse;
Worthyp and ese and alle herys lust
Perfyt joy and ful ensured trust.
"The Cuckow and the Nyghtyngale."

January 13.

Debonaire, meek, curteys, ne coveitous of good ne richelle.

"Tale of Melibeus."

She was not broune, ne dunne of hue
But white as snowe falle newe.
Hir nose was wrought at point devys,
For it was gentil and tretys.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

January 14.

. . . . . very exemplaire
Of al honour, longing to chivalry.
"The Flower and the Leaf."

She was so diligent, withouten slouth,
To serve and plesen everich in that place,
That all hire loveth that loketh on hire face.
"The Man of Lawes Tale."

January 15.

Ther was a knyght that loved and did his peyne
To serven a lady in his beste wise;
And many a labour and many a grete empryse
He for his lady wrought.

"The Frankeleynes Tale."

They lived in joye and in felicitee,
For ech of hem held other leef and deere.

"The Monkes Tale."

January 16.

Humblest of herte, highest of reverence.
"Complaynte to Pité."

In bounte, favor, porte and semelynesse,
Plesaunt of figure, mirrour of delite,
Gracious to sene, and rote of gentilnesse
With angell visage, lusty red and white,
Ther was not lak, sauf daunger, had a lite
This goodly fresh in rule and governaunce.
"The Court of Love."

January 17.

Constant in hert and ever in belyneſſe.
"Tale of the Doctor of Phiſik."

I have no wit that can ſuffice
To comprehenden her beauty;
But thus much dare I ſay, that ſhe
Was white, ruddy, freſh, and lyvely hewed,
And every day her beauty newed.
" Boke of the Ducheſſe."

January 18.

The goodenelle that thou mayſt do this day, do it, and abide nat, ne delaye it nat til to-morwe.

"Tale of Melibeus."

Lady, thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertu and thy gret humilite,
Ther may no tongue expreſs in no ſcience.

"The Prioreſſes Tale."

January 19.

Eke gret effect men writen in place lite
Th' intent is all and not the letters' space
And fareth well; God have yow in hys grace!
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

. . . . . and her body, face and honde
Ben sharply slender, so that from the hede
Unto the fote, all is but womanhede.
"The Court of Love."

January 20.

He were gentil-born and fresh and gay
And goodlich for to seen and humble and free.
"The Squyeres Tale."

Right as a man hath sapiences thre
Memorie, engyne, and intellect also.
So in oo being in divinité
Thre persons may ther right wel be.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

January 21.

But if he be ſo firm and ſtable
That Fortune change him not, nor blind
But that his friend alwey him find
Both poor and rich in one eſtaat.
And aſſaied him at alle,
And found him ſtedfaſt as a walle.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

So faire, trowe I, was never noon.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

January 22.

Hul wys is he that kan hym-ſelven knowe!
"The Monkes Tale."

Hir noſe directed ſtreight and even as lyne,
With fourme and ſhape therto convenient,
And eke her eyen ben bright and orient
Or yet thiſe ſterres hevenly, ſmale and bright;
Her viſage is of lovely red and white.
"The Court of Love."

January 23.

All thiſe acordaunce of thynges is bounden with loove that governeth erthe and ſee; and he hath alſo comaundement to the hevenes, and yit this loove ſlakede the brydelis, alle thynges that now loven hem togedres wolden maken a batayle contynuely, and ſtryven to fordoon the faſoun of this worlde.

"Boethius."

So glad, ſo faire, ſo perſaunt eke of there.

"Complaynte of a Loveres Life."

January 24.

I have allayed and preved thy grete ſapience and thy grete trouthe.

"Tale of Melibeus."

. . . . . I was waked
With ſmale foules a grete hepe
That had affrayed me out of ſlepe
Thorgh noyſe and ſwetteneſſe of hir ſonge.

"Boke of the Ducheſſe."

January 25.

A trewe herte wole not plie,
For no manace that it may drye.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

. . . . . meſurable in lookynge, in berynge and in lawghynge, and diſcreet in alle hire wordes and hire dedes.
"The Perſones Tale."

January 26.

Thou art largelle, of pleyn felicitee
Habene of refute, of quiete and of relle.
"Chaucer's A. B. C."

Hair was thys mayde, in excellent beautee
Aboven every wyght that man may lee;
For Nature hath with lovereyn diligence
Yformed her in lo gret excellence.
"Tale of the Doctor of Phifik."

January 27.

For tyme yloſt, this knowen ye
Be no means may recovered be.
"The Houſe of Fame."

And ben, in good feith, more ſtable
And trewer and more ſerviable,
And therefor it ſuffiſeth me
Her goode herte and her beaute.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

January 28.

In Goddes pees lyveth ful eſily
At hoom, and outward grace ynogh had he
And for he ſawgh that under lowe degree
Was ofte vertu hid, the peple hym heelde
A prudent man, and that is ſeyn ful ſeelde.
"The Clerkes Tale."

Hor of this litel ſpark the heat of life ſhal ſhine.
"Boethius."

January 29.

Who-so geveth a gifte or dooth a grace,
Do it hymme, hys thank ys wel the more.
"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

Religious folk ben al pitous;
Thou shalt not seen oon despitous;
They loven no pryde ne no strif
But humblely, they wole lede her lyf.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

January 30.

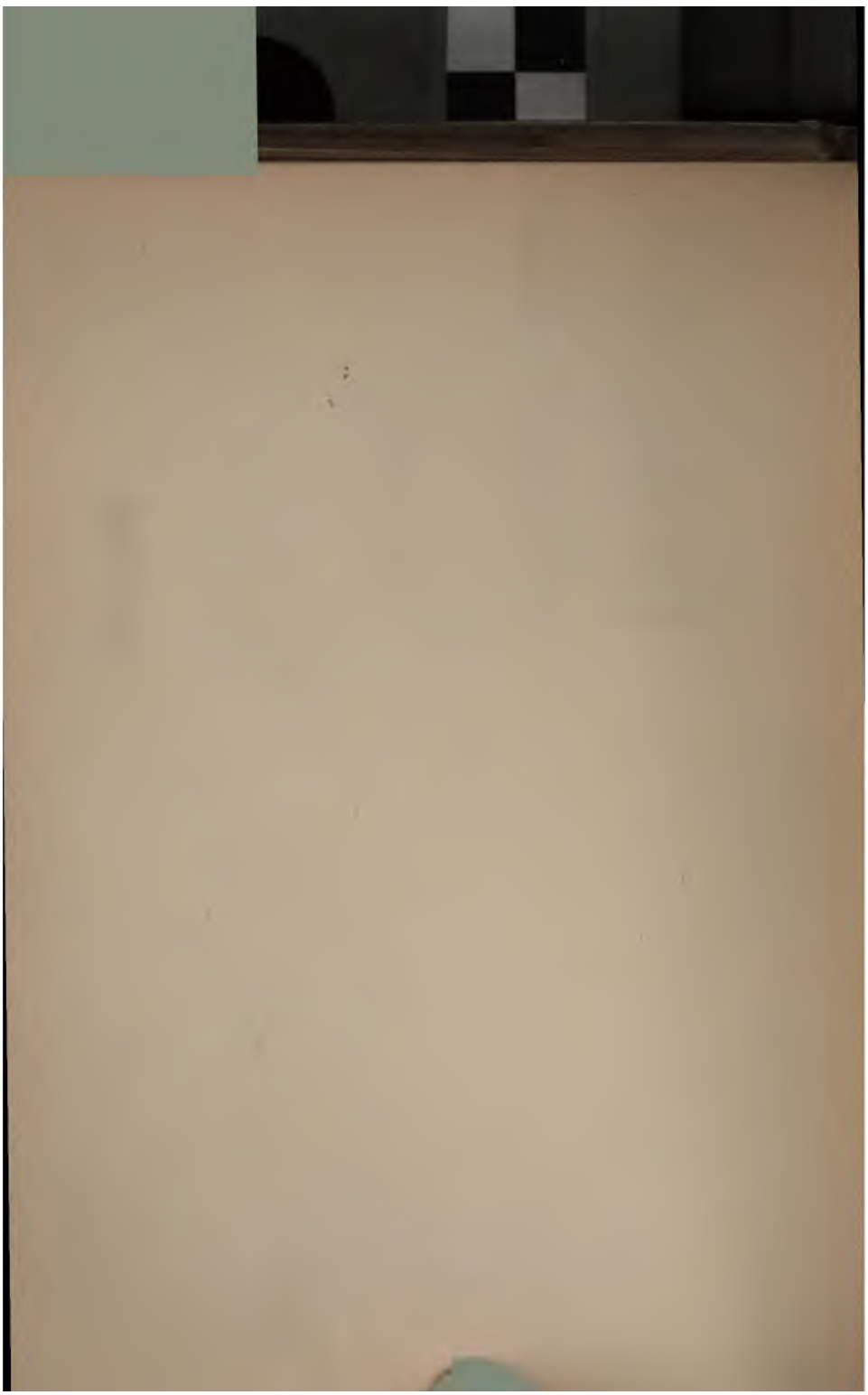
The grete ſoye that was betwex them two
When they be mette, ther may no tunge telle.
"Complaynte of Mars and Venus."

Unforged was the hauberke and the plate,
The lambyssh poeple, voyded of alle vyle;
Hadden no fantaſy to debate,
But eche of hem wolde other wel cheryce.
"The Former Age."

January 31.

The firſte good that may be founde
Is Swete-thought, for to recorde
Thyng wherwith thou canſt accorde
Beſt in thyn herte.
"The Romaunt of the Role."

Thereto ſhe could ſo well yplay
What that her liſt, that I dare ſay
That ſhe was lyke to torche bryght.
"Boke of the Ducheſſe."



Feverere.

In Feverere, whan that it was cold,
Froſt, ſnow, haſl, rain hath domination,
With changeable elements and winds manifold
Which hath of ground, flower, herb, juriſdiction
For to diſpoſe after their correction.

"Ballad."

February 1.

Wyd was his parisshe, and houses far asonder
But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder
In sikneſſe nor in meschief to vifite
The ferreſte, in his parrifshe, moche and lite
Vppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Her goodly lookyng gladed all the preſſe.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

February 2.

He was ſo ſtrong that no man myght hym lette.
"The Monkes Tale."

Hir mouth is ſhorte and ſhut in little ſpace
Flamyng ſomedel, not over rede, I mene,
With prengnante lippes and thike to kiſſe, percas;
(For lyppes thynne, not fatte, but ever lene
They ſerve of naught, they be not worth a bene.)
"The Court of Love."

February 3.

For certeynly, our appetites here
Be it of werre, or pees, other hate or love
Al is it reuled by the sight above.
"The Knightes Tale."

. . . . . as was hir usaunce
To forthren every wyght, and don plesaunce
Of very bountee and of curteisie.
"Legende of Goode Women."

February 4.

Bowith your neck under that blisful yok
Of sovereignte, nought of servise,
Which that men clepe spousail or wedlok.
"The Clerkes Tale."

He is not poor that hath good frendes.
"The Persones Tale."

And shortly, if she shal be comprehended,
In her ther mighten nothing be amended.
"Queen Annelida."

February 5.

But though they ner of no rychelle
Yet were they made for gret noblelle
And in hem gret lentence,
And folkes of digne reverence.
"The Houle of Faine."

. . . . . with heavenly influence
Enlumyned, rote of beauté and goodnelle.
"The Cuckow and the Nyghtyngale."

February 6.

Benigne he was and wonder diligent
And in adverſité ful patient.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

For what man is ſo ſad or of ſo perfit welefulneſſe that he ne ſtryveth or pleyneth on ſome half ageine the quality of his eſtat.

"Boethius."

February 7.

Richelle riche ne makith nought
Hym that on trelour lette his thought;
For richelle stonte in sufficiaunce
And no thyng in habundaunce,
For sufficiaunce alle oonly
Makith men to lyve richely.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

And she aye sad and constant as a wall.

"The Clerkes Tale."

February 8.

So noble he was of his stature
So fair, so joly and so fetys,
With lymes wrought at point devys
Ne saw thou never man so lyght.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Curteys she was, discrete and debonaire
And companable and bar hirself ful faire.
"The Nonnes Prestes Tale."

February 9.

There hadde he don gret chyvalrie
Thorgh his vertu and his maistrie.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

And for he wolde vertu please
She knew wel labour, but noon ydel ease.
"The Clerkes Tale."

To some folke often newe thinge is swoote.
"Legende of Goode Women."

February 10.

He is debonaire, meke, large, curteys, and no thyng desirous ne coveytous of good ne richesse.

"Tale of Melibeus."

. . . . . so worshipful a creature
And wys ther-with and large with measure
And penyble in the werre and curteys eke.

"The Monkes Tale."

February 11.

. . . . . good was he
Lyvynge in pees and perfight charitee.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

And as I ſtood perceyving her apart
And eke the bemes ſhynyng of hir eyen
Methought they were ſhapen liche a dart
Sherpe and perſyng, ſmale and ſtreight as line.
"The Court of Love."

February 12.

. . . . . Swete-speche
That hath to many a oon be leche,
To bringe hem out of woo and were,
To me it voideth alle her smerte
The which is closed in her herte
In hert it makith hem glad and light.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Hor she was oon the fayrest under sonne.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

February 13.

For trewely while that my life may dure
As for a frend, ye may in me assure.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

In al the world ryght so hadde she
Of mannere and of comelynesse;
Of stature and well-set gladnesse
Of goodlihed and so wel biseye.
"The Boke of the Duchesse."

February 14.

"Blessed be seynt Valentine!
For on his day I chees yow to be myne,
Withouten repentyng, myn herte swete!"
"Prologue of Legende of Goode Women."

Patience is an high vertue certeyn
For it vanquisheth, as these clerkes seyn
Thinges that rigour shulde nevere atteyne.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

February 15.

Two thynges arn nedefulle, good conſcience and good loos.

"Tale of Melibeus."

And lylly forhede had this creature
With loveliche browes, ſlawe, of colour pure,
Bitwene the which was mene diſſeveraunce
From every brow to ſhewe a due diſtaunce.

"The Court of Love."

February 16.

. . . . . gan me aqueynt
With him, and fonde hym ſo tretable
Ryght wonder ſkylful and reaſonable.
"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

Hor in hir lyving maydens mighte rede,
As in a book every good word and dede,
That longeth unto a mayden vertuous.
"The Tale of the Doctor of Phiſik."

February 17.

Who-so setteth his thoughtes in erthely thynges, al that ever he hath drawen of the noble good celestial he lesith it.

"Boethius."

Nor in this world is noon her liche
Ne by a thousand deel so riche,
Ne noon so faire.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

February 18.

Ye, that is good, quod he, now shul we heere
Som deyntee thyng, me thynketh by his cheere.
"Canterbury Tales."

Noon countrefeted termes hadde he
To seme wys, but after his degré
She spak, and alle hire wordes more and lesse
Souning in vertu and in gentillesse.
"The Tale of the Doctor of Phisik."

February 19.

Do greet diligence in keepyng of thy freend and of thy good name, for it shal lenger abide with thee than any tresour, be it never so precious.

"Tale of Melibeus."

. . . . . thilke ensample of al honour
That never dide but alwey gentilesse.

"Complaynte of Mars and Venus."

February 20.

For overal wher I myn eyen caste
Were treis clad with levys that ay shal laste
Each in hys kynde, of colour frosch and grene
As emeroude, that joye it was to sene.
"The Parlement of Foules."

So goode, that men may wel se
Of alle goodenesse sche hadde no mete.
"The Boke of the Duchesse."

February 21.

Gentil, curteys, meke and fre
Thou mayst ful glad and joyful be.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

But looke alwey that thy conseillours have thilke thre condiciounes that they be trewe, wise, and of oold experience.
"Tale of Melibeus."

February 22.

. . . . . for me leſte
That now youre good werkes be wiſte
And yit ye ſhul haw better loos.
"Houſe of Fame."

And wonder gladly gan deviſe
Her features fair and her viſage
And bad good thrift on that image.
"Chaucer's Dream."

February 23.

Fulfild of honours and of worthines,
And strong of frendes.
"The Tale of the Doctor of Phisik."

The gretest and strongest garnison that a rich man may have, as wel to kepen his persone as his goodes, is that he be biloved of his neighboures.
"Tale of Melibeus."

February 24.

A faythful herte ever is acceptable.

"Court of Love."

. . . . . eke so faire withalle
So young, so lusty, with hire eighen glade
That yf that God, that heven and erthe made,
Wolde haw a love for beaute and goodnelle
And womanhode and trouth and semelynelle
Whom sholde he loven but this lady sweete
Ther nys no woman to him half so mete.

"Legende of Goode Women."

February 25.

The corone of wise men ne shal not fallen ne faden.
"Boethius."

In her is high beauty withouten pride
Youthe withoute grenehed or folly,
To all her werkes virtue is her guide
Humblesse hath slaien in her tyranny,
She is mirrour of alle curtesy.
"The Man of Lawes Tale."

February 26.

. . . . . eke so fair was of vilage
That hem to see the people have caught pleasaunce.
"The Clerkes Tale."

Good-hope alwey kepe by thi side,
And Sweete-thought make eke abide,
Swete-lokyng and Swete-speche
Of all thyne harmes thei shall be leche.
"Romaunt of the Rose."

February 27.

Honour ne cometh not to vertue for cause of dignite, but againward, honour cometh to dignite by cause of vertue.

"Boethius."

And ay she kepte hyr fadres lyf on lofte
With everich obeisaunce and diligence
That child may doon to fadres reverence.

"The Clerkes Tale."

February 28.

Bountee ſo fix hath in thine herte his tente
That wel I wot, thou wolt my ſuccour bee.
"Chaucer's A. B. C."

No termys digne unto her excellence
So is ſhe ſprong of noble ſtirpe and high
A world of honour and of reverence
Ther is in her, this will I teſtify.
"The Court of Love."

February 29.

The eye is a good messangere,
Which can to the herte in such mannere
Tydyngis send, that he hath sene
To void him of his peynes clene.
Whereof the herte rejoiseth soo
That a gret partye of his woo
Is voided, putte awey to flight,
Ryght as the darkenesse of the night
Is chaled with clerenels of the moon.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

March.

The last Idus of March, after the yeer.
Phebus, the sonne, ful joly was and cleer,
For he was neigh his exaltacioun
In Martes face, and in his mansioun
In Aries, the colerik, hoote signe.
Ful lusty was the weder and benigne,
For which the foweles agayn the sonne sheene,
What for the seson and the yonge grene,
Ful loude songen hire affeciouns,
Hem semed han geten hem protecciouns
Agayn the swerd of wynter, keene and coold.

"The Squyeres Tale."

March 1.

For yong was thilke bachelere,
Of beauté wot I noon his pere;
And he was ryght of ſich an age
As youth is leef, and ſich corage.

"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

Avyſe the wel and eſchue the wordes of ſweetneſſe and of pleſaunce.

"Tale of Melibeus."

March 2.

But for t' eſſay, naught it ne greveth
For he that naught eſſayeth, naught acheveth.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde.

The feireſt lady under ſonne that is;
For yf I ſhal al fully hir diſcryve
Hire hede was round—by compace of nature,
Hire here as gold—ſhe paſſed all on lîve.
"The Court of Love."

March 3.

In feith thou haſt thee wel yquit
And gentilly, I praiſe wel thy wit;
So feelingly thou ſpekeſt, ſir, I allow the!
As to my dome there is none that is heere
Of eloquence, that ſhal be thy peere.
"The Squyeres Tale."

Largeſſe maketh folk clere of renoun.
"Boethius."

March 4.

Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre
And therto had he ridden, no man ferre.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

. . . . . Smiling ſigne
Was token that the heart encline
Would to requeſtes reaſonable;
Becauſe ſmiling is favorable
To every thyng that ſhall thrive.
"Chaucer's Dream."

March 5.

For he loveth noon hevynelle,
But mirth and pley, and alle gladnelle;
He hateth alle trecherous.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

. . . . . for in her gret estaat
Hire goost was ever in pleyn humilitee.

"The Clerkes Tale."

March 6.

The olde goode loos of a man is loon doon or goon and palled, whan it is not newed ne renoubeled.

"Tale of Melibeus."

. . . . . Whose heavenly faire face
So pleasaunt was, and her wele-shaped person
That of beauty she past hem everychone.

"The Flower and the Leaf."

March 7.

Whoso schal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as neigh as evere he can,
Everych a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he nevere so rudelyche and large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Your wifehood is commended with the beste.
"The Man of Lawes Prologe."

March 8.

Though plentee that is godelle of rychelles helde adoun with ful horn and withdraweth nat hir hond, as many riccheſ as the ſee turneth upwardes ſandes, whan it is moeved with rabyſhing blaſts, or ellys as many ryches as ther ſhynen bryghte ſterres on hevene on the ſterry nyght, yit mankynd nolde not ceſe to wope wrecched pleynte.

"Boethius."

So faire, ſo conning and ſo yonge.

"Chaucer's Dream."

March 9.

He that moſt courteouſly comaundeth to him men moſt obeyen.

"Tale of Melibeus."

With alle humilité and abſtinence,
With alle attemperaunce and pacience,
With meſure eek of beryng and array:
Diſcret he was in anſweryng alwey.

"Tale of the Doctor of Phiſik."

March 10.

Was nowher swich a worthi vavasour.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Ne I ne desire no thyng for to have,
Ne drede for to leese save oonly yee,
Thys wyl is in myn herte, and ay shal be,
No lengthe of tyme or deeth may this deface,
Ne chaunge my corage to another place.
"The Clerkes Tale."

March 11.

. . . . . the worthieſt
Of knighthode, and lengeſt had uſed hitte,
Moſt of eſtaat, of blood the gentyleſte.
"The Aſſembly of Foules."

But good folk over al other,
She loved as man may his brother;
Of which love ſhe was wonder large.
"Boke of the Ducheſſe."

March 14.

His nose by measure wrought ful right;
Crispe was his heer, and eek ful bryght,
Hise shuldris of a large brede
And smalish in the girdilstede.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

The sweetnesse of mannes welefulnesse is ysprained with many bitternesses.
"Boethius."

March 15.

For thyng is none that me is lever
Than yow to pleaſe, how ever I fare!
Mine hartes lady and my welfare,
My helpe at nede and my ſureté
Of every joy that longeth to me,
My ſuccours whole in alle wiſe,
That may be thought or man deviſe.

"Chaucer's Dream."

Crete reſte ſtante in lytil beſyneſſe.

"Legende of Goode Women."

March 16.

So buxom and so vertuous is sche,
They moſten neede lyve in unité.
"Chaucer (Morley's English Writers.)"

. . . . . greate God diſpoſeth
And maketh caſuel, by his provydence
Suche thyng as mannes frele witte purpoſeth
Al for the beſt, if that our conſcience
Nat grutche it, but in humble pacience
It receive.
"A Goodly Ballade of Chaucer."

March 17.

Alwey in heart I rede thee
Ful glad and merry for to be,
And be as joyful as thou can
Love hath no joy of sorrowful man.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

She is gode, vertuous and goskely,
Clere of entente, and herte, and thought and wille.
"The Court of Love."

March 18.

A yong man fulle of lemelyhede,
His luſt was mych in houſholding,
In clothing was he ful ſetys,
And loved to have welle hors of prys.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

Then have ye made me, throgh your fraunchiſe,
Cheſe the beſte, that ever on erthe wente,
Now love wel, herte, and ſee thou never ſtente.
"Complaynte of Mars and Venus."

March 19.

The deſtyné, miniſtre general,
That executeth in the world overal
The purveaus, that God hath ſeye biforn,
So ſtrong it is that they the world hadde ſworn
The contrary of a thyng by ye or nay,
Yet ſometime it ſchal falle upon a day
That falleth not eft in a thouſand yeere.

"The Knightes Tale."

Sche was a worthy woman all hire lyfe.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

March 20.

Who koude telle, but he had wedded be
The joye, the ese and the prosperitee
That is bitwixe an housbonde and his wyf?
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

Lo! who may truste on Fortune any throwe?
For hym that folweth al this world of prees
Er he be war, is ofte yleyed ful lowe.
"The Monkes Tale."

March 21.

But what he woulde commaund or saye
Forthwith needes al must obaye.
"Chaucer's Dream."

I am ful sker thou knowest his benevolence
Ful agreable to alle his obeyinge,
For of al goode she is the best lyvynge.
"The Cuckow and the Nyghtyngale."

March 22.

. . . . . as trewe
As any metal that is forged newe.
"Complaynte of Mars and Venus."

If that thilke thyng that thou haddest for most precious in alle thy rychesse of fortune be kepte to the by the grace of God, mayst thow than pleyne ryghtfully upon the meschief of Fortune, lyn thow hast yit thy beste thynges.
"Boethius."

March 23.

And all they that of laurel chaplets bear
Be such as hardy were, in manly deed;
Victorious, name which never may be dede!
And all they were so worthy of their hond
In their time no one myght them withstond.
"The Flower and the Leaf."

Wel fourmed was hir face and cleere.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

March 24.

Let us be holden eke thereto
Worthy, wys, and goode also,
And rich and happy unto love.
"The Houle of Fame."

She had a'wytte so generalle,
So hoole enclyned to alle goode,
That all her wit was set by the rode
Without malice, upon gladnelle.
"The Boke of the Duchelle."

March 25.

For evere the body muſt be ladde
After the herte; in wele and woo
Of force togidre they muſt goo.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

And ſhe was cleped Curteſie
The worſhipfulle, the debonaire;
I pray to God evere falle hir faire.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

March 26.

. . . . . as he that honourable
Was evere hys lyve, and ful of heigh prowesse.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

For of alle creatures that ever were get and borne
This wote ye wel, a woman was the beste;
By her was recovered the blysse that we had lorne,
And thurgh the woman shal we come to reste
And ben yslaved.
"A Praise of Women."

March 27.

. . . . . hadde ſwich fairnelle,
That no man myght be half ſo fair, I gelle,
And wel a lorde him ſemed for to be.
"Legende of Goode Women."

And God ynough alwey hir ſende,
So that the more ſhe gaf awey
The more ywys ſhe had alwey.
"The Romaunt of the Role."

March 28.

Thilke juge is wys that soone understondith a matiere and suggeth by leyser.

"Tale of Melibeus."

And nigh her face was alderbest;
For, certes, Nature had such lest
To make that fair, that trewely she
Was her chief patron of beauty.

"Boke of the Duchesse."

March 29.

. . . . . a counſayler
That ſemed wel of gret eſtate.
"Chaucer's Dream."

The ſovereyne god is ryght ful of ſovereyne good, and we hau eſtabliſſed that ſovereyne goode is verray blis-fulneſſe, than mot it nedes ben that verrey blysfulneſſe is yſet in ſovereyne God.
"Boethius."

March 30.

For he that is the Formere principal
Hath makid me his vicaire general,
To forme and peynten erthely creatures
Ryght as me list, and eche thyng in my cure is
Under the moone that may wane and waxe,
And for my werk ryght no thyng wol I axe.
"Tale of the Doctor of Phisik."

Let us hold forth our purpose firmely.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

March 31.

Joly and gay, ful of gladnelle.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Ryght as mothes in the shepes flees anoyeth to the clothes, and the smale wormes to the tree, ryght so anoyeth sorwe to the herte.

"Tale of Melibeus."

Aprille.

When that Phebus his chaire of gold so hie
Hadde whirled up the ſterrie ſky alofte,
And in the Boole was entred certainely:
With ſhoures ſweet of raine diſcended ſofte,
Cauſing the ground, fele times and ofte,
Up for to give many an wholſome aire
And every plaine was eke y-clothed faire
With newe green, and maketh ſmalle floures
To ſpringen here and there in field and mede;
So very good and wholſom be the ſhoures,
That it renueth that was old and dede
In winter time; and out of every ſede
Springeth the hearbe, ſo that every wight
Of this ſeſoun wexeth ful glad and light.

"The Flower and the Leaf."

April 1.

For, by my trouth, the dayes of my breth
I am and will be yours in wille and herte.
"Court of Love."

This mayde
In which that Nature hadde swich delit
For right as she kan peynte a lilie whit
And reed a rose, right with swich peynture
She peynted hath this noble creature.
"Tale of the Doctor of Phisik."

April 2.

Bettir it is to lese good with worschipe, than to win good with shame.

"Tale of Melibeus."

Thereto she had the moste grace
To have steady perseveraunce,
And easy attempted governaunce
That ever I knew or wiste yit.

"Boke of the Duchesse."

April 3.

That I dare swear well by the rood
Of eloquence was never founde
So sweet a souning and faconde,
Ne truer-tongued.
"The Boke of the Duchelle."

That purely her simple record
Was found as true as any bonde
Or truth of any mannes honde.
"The Boke of the Duchelle."

April 4.

A wyf is Goddes gifte verrayly.
"Chaucer" (Morley's English Writers.)

Ryght on thys fame, as I have feyde,
Was hooly al my love feyde;
For, certis, fhe was that fweet wife
My fuffifaunce, my lufte, my lyfe
My worldys welfare and my goddeffe
And I hooly hires, and everydel.
"The Boke of the Duchefle."

April 5.

He yaf not of that text a pulled hen,
That ſeith, that hunters been noon holy men.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

He popped hir, for it neded nought
To wyndre hir, or to peynte hir ought,
Hir trelles yelowe and longe ſtraughten
Unto hir helys down they raughten.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

April 6.

I have gold and silver lying in my chest.
"The Freres Tale."

And right as men may in the heven see
The sonne and moone, and sterres every way,
Right so men goostely, in this mayden free
Sawen of feith the magnanimitee
And eke the clerenesse hole of sapience
And sundry werkes, bright of excellence.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

April 7.

His herte is hard that wole not meke
Whanne men of mekenelle hym byleke.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

. . . . . for her grete light
Of lapience, and for hire thewes clere.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

Hor in the accomplyllehing of good werkes is the great guerdon.
"The Persones Tale."

April 8.

This loove halt to-gideres poeples ioyned with an hooly bond and knytteth sacrement of maryages of chaste loobes.

"Boethius."

Was non so fayre, for pallynge every wight
So aungellyke was hir natif beauté
That lyke a thynge immortal semede sche.

"Troylus and Tryseyde."

April 9.

Yong, ſtrong, ryht vertuous, riche and wyſe
And wel bilovED and holden in gret pryſe.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

But wys and ware and vertuous
Of faire ſpeche and of faire anſwere;
Was never wight milleid of hire
She ne bar rancour to no wight.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

April 10.

To ſpeken of a ſervaunt proprely
With alle circumſtaunces trewely,
That is to ſeyn, trouthe, honour and knighthede
Wyſdom, humblecle, eſtaat and hye kindrede,
Fredam, and al that longeth to that art,
As in this world ryght now ne know I non
So worthy to be loved.

"The Knightes Tale."

Be aye of chere as lyght as leke on linde.

"The Clerkes Tale."

April 11.

In whom that every virtue lift abounde
As alle trouthe and alle gentilelle,
Wyldom, honour, fredom and worthynelle.
"Troylus and Cryleyde."

Glad and mery, and trewe in every wyle
That any gentil herte can thynke or devyle.
"A Praiſe of Women."

April 12.

He is wys that wole hym ſelf chaſtiſe.
"The Romaunt of the Role."

Her nekke was of good ſaſoun
In lengthe and gretnelle by reſoun,
Ther nys a fairer nekke ſwys,
To feel how ſmothe and ſofte it is;
Hir throte alſo white of hewe
As ſnawe on braunche ſnawed newe.
"The Romaunt of the Role."

April 13.

Wel ſemede ech of hem a fair burgeys
To ſitten on a yeldehalle on a deys.
Everych for the wiſdom that he can
Was ſchaply for to ben an alderman.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Or for the whitenelle had of honeſtee
And grene of conſcience, and of good fame
The ſwote ſavour.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

April 14.

But what is he that may give a law to loveres, love is a gretter lawe and a strengere to hymselfe than any law that man may geven.

"Boethius."

But for to tellen you al her beauty
It lith not in my wonge ne in my conning
I dar not undertake so high a thing.

"The Squyeres Tale."

April 15.

And lat us ſpeke of wiues that is beſt
Preiſe euery man hys owne as him leſt.
"Legende of Goode Women."

To ſpeke of him at eue or morwe,
It cureth me of alle my ſorwe;
To me is noon ſo high pleſaunce
As of his perſoun daliaunce.
"The Romaunt of the Role."

But who-so is vertuous
Though he be not gentille born,
Thou mayst well sayn, this is in soth
That he is gentil, bycause he doth
As longeth to a gentilman.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Commending in his hert hir womanhede,
And eke hir vertu.

"The Clerkes Tale."

April 17.

But ther ben folk of ſuch condicioun,
That, whan thay habe a certeyn purpos take,
Thay can nought ſtynt of her entencioun,
But, right as thay were bounden to a ſtake,
Thay wil not of her firſte purpos ſlake.

"The Clerkes Tale."

But for to ſpeken of hire conſcience,
Scht was ſo charitable and ſo pitous.
And al was conſcience and tendre herte.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

April 18.

Housbondes ben al goode and han be pore;
That knowen wyves, I dar saye no more.
"The Man of Lawes Tale."

Before the temple dore, ful sobyrly,
Dame Pes sate, with a curtyne in hire honde;
And by hire syde, wondyr discretly,
Dame Pacience syttinge ther I fonde.
"The Parlement of Foules."

April 19.

On of the beſt entecheđ creature
That is or ſhall whyle that the world may dure.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

Than mote we to bokes that we lynde
(Thurgh which that olde thinges ben in mynde)
And to the doctrine of theſe olde wyſe,
Geve credence.
"The Prologue of Nine Goode Women."

April 20.

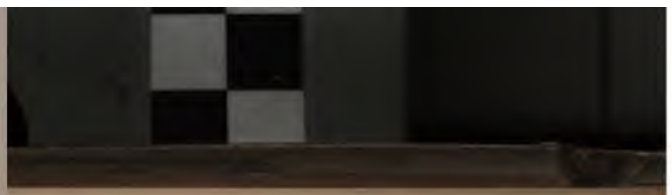
. . . . . curteis, and of faire manere
Welle taught and fulle of gentilelle,
And alſo fulle of heigh franchiſe.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

So goodly ſpeke and ſo frendely;
That certes I trow that ever-more,
Nas leyne ſo blyssful a treſore.
"The Boke of the Duchelle."

April 21.

That halk so trewe a man ther nas of love
Under the cope of hevene, that is above;
And he was wyse, hardy, secre and ryche;
Of these thre pointes ther nas noon him liche.
"Legende of Goode Women."

Hul unwar that Love hadde his dwellynge
Withinne the subtle stremes of hir eyen.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."



April 22.

And certeynly he was a good felawe.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

But now yif so be that dignitees and powers be gyven to goode men, the which thyng is ful selde, what agreeable thyng is ther in the dignitees, but only the goodenes of folk that usen hem.

"Boethius."

April 23.

Pluck up your hertes and be glad and blithe.
"Prologe of the Chanounes Yeman."

By worde eterne whilome was yshape
That fro the fyxte cercle in no manere,
Ne myght a drop of teeres doun eschape;
But now so wepith Venus in hir spere
That with hir teeres she wol drenche us here.
"L'Envoy de Chaucer a Scogan."

April 24.

. . . . . make thi gift debonairly
For men that gift holde more dere
That given is with gladsome chere.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Though clerkes praisen women but a lite,
Ther can no man in humblesse him acquite
As women can, ne can be half so trewe
As women be—but it be falle of newe.
"The Clerkes Tale."

April 25.

In al thys world ne was ther non hym lyk.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

. . . . . I heard voices sodainly,
The most sweetest and most delicious
That ever any wight, I trow truly,
Heard in here life, for sothe the harmonys
And sweet accorde was in so good musike
That the voices to angels most was like.
"The Flower and the Leaf."

April 26.

Hor oute and oute he is the worthyeste.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

She sober was, simple and wise withalle
The best inourished eke that might be;
And goodly of her speech in general;
Charitable, estaatly, lusty and free
Ne nevermore ne lacked her pyté,
Tender-hearted.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

April 27.

With ſo heigh reverens and obſervaunce,
As wel in ſpeche as in contynaunce,
Than Gaweyn with his olde curteſye
They he were come ageín out of fayrye,
Ne couthe him nought amende with no word.

"The Squyeres Tale."

Of all this noble town the thriftieſt
That woman ys.

"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

April 28.

Herte, to thee hit oght ynogh ſuffice
That Love ſo hyghe a grace to yow ſente
To cheſe the worthieſt in alle wiſe.
"The Boke of the Duchelle."

Yit have men founde ful many a good womman and ful diſcrete and wiſe in conſeillynge.
"Tale of Melibeus."

April 29.

That in hys tyme in al that land ther nas
Nat luche a famouſe knyghte of gentileſſe
Of fredome, of ſtrengthe and of luſtyneſſe.
"Legende of Goode Women."

And al hir heere, it ſhone as gold ſo fyne
Diſſhivill, criſpe, down hynging at her bak
A yarde in lengthe.
"The Court of Love."

April 30.

And ſwete it is of love to bere the name,
So that his love be feithfull, trewe and ſtable;
Love pruneth him to ſemen amyable;
Love hath no ſaute, there it is exerciſed.

"The Court of Love."

Diſcrete and wiſe, and fulle pleſaunt
And of hir porte fulle avenaunt.

"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

May.

In May, when Flora, the freſhe luſty quene,
The ſoyle hath clad in grene, rede and white;
And Phebus gan to ſhede his ſtremes ſhene
Amyd the Bole, wyth al the bemes bryghte;
And Lucifer, to chace awey the nyghte,
Ayen the morowe our orylont hath take,
To bydde loveres out of her ſlepe awake.

"Complaynte of the Black Knight."

Hard is the hert that loveth nought
In May, whan al thys myrth is wrought;
Whan he may on thele braunches here
The ſmale briddes ſyngen clere
Her blisful ſweet ſong pitous.

"The Romaunt of the Role."

May 1.

He cowde ſonges make, and wel endite,
Juſte and eek daunce and wel purtreye and write.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

'Haſle eke,' quod he, 'O freſhe ſeſoun of May
Dure moneth glad that ſyngen on the ſpray!
Hail to the flowres, red, and white, and blewe,
Which by here vertue makith oure luſtes newe!
"The Court of Love."

Way 2.

Hyre myght is wyde ſknowe and what thei konne.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

So ful was his corage of high empriſe.
"The Monkes Tale."

. . . . . womanly to ſee
Whoſe ſtremes, ſotell-percyng of her ye
Myne harte gan thrille for bewtie in the ſtounde.
"The Court of Love."

Way 3.

He wrappeth in his frend, that condescendith to the rihtful praiere of his frend.

"Treatise on the Astrolabe."

Hul swift and bely ever in good werkynge,
And round and hool in good perseverynge,
And brenning ever in charite ful bryght.

"The Secounde Nonnes Prologue."

May 4.

Of his ſtature he was of evene lengthe
And wonderly delyvere and gret of ſtrengthe.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

I ſay for me, it is a gret diſeaſe,
Wher as men han ben in gret welthe and eſe,
To hieren of her ſodeyn fal—allas!
And the contraire is joye and gret ſolas.
"Prologue of the Nonne Prestes Tale."

May 5.

And certeynli he hadde a mery note
Wel couthe he ſynge and pleyen on a rote.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Now pleyne the nat thanne of Rychelle ſlorn, ſyn thow haſt ſowndyen the moſt preſious kynde of Rychelle, that is to ſeyn, thy verray frendes.
"Boethius."

May 6.

Ful faire was Myrthe, ful longe and high,
A fairer man I nevere ſigh.
As rounde as appille was his face,
Ful rody and white in every place.
Feyre he was and wel beſeye,
With metely mouth and eyen greye.

"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

Good conſeil wanteth whan it is moſt neve.

"Tale of Melibeus."

May 7.

Ther nys nothyng in this world that he deſireth ſave oonly honour.

"Tale of Melibeus."

So wiſe and ripe wordes hadde ſhe,
And ſugement of ſo gret equitee,
That ſhe from heven ſent was, as men wende
Poeple to ſave and every wrong to amende.

"The Clerkes Tale."

May 8.

That worthy was and wel speaking
And ful wel koude he don honour;
The knyght was faire and fyf in stour
And in armoure a semely man
And wel bilobed.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

God seth everythynge oute of doutaunce.
And hem desponeth thurgh his ordinaunce.

"Troylus and Tryseyde."

May 9.

For yt is deyntee to us men to fynde
A man that kan in love be trewe and kynde.
"Legende of Goode Women."

The Wirdes that we clepen deſtanye,
Hath ſhapen hir, that ſhe moſte nedes be,
Pitouſe, ſad, wiſe, trewe as ſtele,
And to thys woman hyt accordeth wele.
"Legende of Goode Women."

May 10.

Thus in delyt he lyveth and hath don yore,
Biloved and drad, thurgh favour of fortune.
"The Clerkes Tale."

She ful devout and humble in hire curage.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

Thy neighbour art thou bound for to love, and to wil him al goodenesse.
"The Persones Tale."

May 11.

As he that is the wel of worthynelle,
Of trouthe ground, myrour of goodelyhede,
Of wit Apollo, foon of ſkernelle
Of vertue roote.

"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

Contrarys fortune ledith ofte folk to ſothfaſte goodes.

"Boethius."

May 12.

Ye seeke land and see for your wynnynges,
As wyse folk as ye knowe alle thastaates
Of regnes, ye be sadres of tydynges
Of tales, both of pees and of debates.
"The Man of Lawes Tale."

. . . . . Welcom, welcom May,
Gladsom and light to lovers that ben trewe!
"The Court of Love."

May 13.

His eyghen twinkled in his heed aright
As don the sterres in the frosty night.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

A man that is joyous and glad in herte, it hym conserveth floryshynge in his age, but soothely sorweful herte makith his bones drye.
"Tale of Melibeus."

May 14.

For every trewe gentil herte and fre,
Ayens May now shal have som sterynge,
For then they mowe here the briddes synge,
And see the floures and the leves sprynge,
That bringeth into hertes remembraunce
A maner ese.

"The Cuckow and the Nyghtyngale."

For of al goodenesse, iwys, ye be the welle.

"Praise of Women."

May 15.

. . . . . my thought comforteth me ful ofte,
I think, God wot, though all the world be falſe,
I wille be true.

"The Court of Love."

So large of gift, and fre was ſhe;
Therfore ſhe ſtode in love and grace
Of riche and pover in every place.

"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

May 16.

Bold of his ſpeche and wys and wel ſtaught
And of manhede him lakkede right naught.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

I ſawgh her dance ſo comelely,
Carole and ſynge ſo ſweetely,
Lawghe, and pleye ſo womanly,
And loke ſo debonairly.
"Boke of the Ducheſſe."

May 17.

. . . . . be ſuch as never were
To love untrue in word, in thought, ne dede,
But aye ſtedfaſt; ne for pleſaunce ne fere,
Wouldе ne ſtirre, but ever were ſtedfaſt.
"The Flower and the Leaf."

Right as ſhe is, ſurmounting every faire
Of bewtie well and gentill debonaire.
"The Court of Love."

May 18.

And not withſtondyng al his ſuffiſaunce
His gentil hert ys of ſo grete humblelle
To me in worde, in werke, in contenaunce
That I am ſet in verrey ſikirnelle.

"Complaynte of Venus."

Certys yit liveth in goode poynte thilke precious honour of mankynde.

"Boethius."

May 19.

. . . . . know thyſelfe firſt immortalle,
And loke ay beſily thou werke and wylle
To comune profyte, and thou ſhalt never mylle
To come quickly unto that place dere,
That ful of blis ys, and of ſoules clere.

"The Aſſembly of Foules."

And with hire riche beauté evermore
Strok love in hire.

"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

May 20.

And can his tongue to ſwiche language
Turne, that yit in al mine age
Heard I never ſo conningly
Man ſpeake, ne halfe ſo feithfully.

"Chaucer's Dream."

Certys than is thilke moneye precious whan it is tranſlated to other folk.

"Boethius."

May 21.

Hor goode deed done thurgh praiere
Is sold, and bought too deere I wys,
To herte that of grete valour is.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

She is the clerenelle and the verray light
That in thys derke worlde me wynt and ledith.
"Prologue of Legende of Goode Women."

May 22.

And Zephirus, and Flora gentilly
Gaf to the floures, softe and tenderly,
Hire swoote breth, and made hem for to sprede
As god and goddesse of the floury mede.
"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

She kept hire state, and of young and olde
Ful wel biloved, and well men of hire tolde.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

May 23.

For now I wote wel utterly
That thou art gentylle by thy speche.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Good ire is with debonairytee, and it is wroth without bitternelle, not wroth ayenst the man, but wroth with the mildede of the man.
"The Persones Tale."

May 24.

He was so gentle of condicioun
That thurghout al the court was hys renoun.
"The Knightes Tale."

O ye fresh, of bewtie the rote,
That nature hath formed so wele and made
Pryncelle and Queene! and ye that may do bote
Of al my languoure with your wordes glade.
"The Court of Love."

May 25.

Blisful is that man that may seen the clere welle of good.

"Boethius."

Margelle that settith al hir entente
For to be honourable and free,
Hir moste joye was, ywis
Whan that she gat and said "Have this."

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

May 26.

A fair persoun he was, and fortunat,
And kepte so wel his real astat,
That ther was nowher such a ryal man.
"The Squyeres Tale."

Hor her grete name that floured so
That in her time ther was no mo
Of her estate, ne so wel named
For born was none that ever her blamed.
"Chaucer's Dream."

May 27.

But trewely to tellen atte laſte,
He was in churche a noble eccleſiaſte.
Wel coude he rede a leſſoun or a ſtorye
But altherbeſt he ſang an offertorie.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

My conning is ſo weke, o blisful queene
For to declare thi gret worthinelle.
"The Prioreſſes Tale."

May 28.

. . . . . your humanité
Allureth us and givith us hardynelle,
As ofte as tyme is of necessité
That we to yow may tell oure hevynelle.
"The Clerkes Tale."

Bothe were they faire and bright of hewe
She seemed like a rose newe
Of colour.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

May 29.

Therefor he was a pricatour aright
Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
Was al hys luſt, for no coſt wolde he ſpare.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Remember yow of Socrates,
For he ne counted nat thre ſtrees
Of noght that Fortune koude doo.
"The Boke of the Duchelle."

May 28.

. . . . . your humanité
Allureth us and givith us hardynelle,
As ofte as tyme is of necessité
That we to yow may tell oure hevynelle.
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She seemed like a rose newe
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For he ne counted nat thre ſtrees
Of noght that Fortune koude doo.
"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

May 30.

Trewe Love ne faillide never man.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

The more cleer and the more schynynge that Fortune is, the more brutil and the sonner breketh sche.
"Tale of Melibeus."

And which eyen my lady hadde!
Debonair, goode, glad and sadde.
"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

May 31.

Alas! how may we ſay on hem but wele
Of whom we were foſtred and ybore,
And ben al our ſocoure and ever trewe as ſtele,
And for our ſake ful ofte they ſuffre ſore!
Withoute women were al our joye lore.
"Praiſe of Women."

Hire herte is verray chambre of holineſſe,
Hire honde miniſtre of fredom and almeſſe.
"The Man of Lawes Tale."

Juyn.

Now welcom ſomer, with thy ſonne ſofte,
That haſte this wynter wethers overſhake;
Which dryveſt away the longe nightes blake;—
Thus ſyngen ſmale foules for thy ſake—
Wel have they cauſe for to gladen ofte,
Sens eche of them recovered hath his make,
Ful blisful may they ſynge when they awake.

"The Aſſembly of Foules."

The Savour of the roſes ſwote
Me ſmote ryght to the herte rote.

"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

June 1.

Men ſhal rejoyſen of a grete empriſe
Achebed wel, and ſtant withouten doute
Al han men ben the longer thereaboute.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

But ever in oon ylike ſad and kynde.
As glad, as humble, as buſy in ſerviſe
And eke in love, as ſche was wont to be.
"The Clerkes Tale."

June 2.

Men mighten dreden wel and ſkylfully
This lyf to leſe, myn oughne dere brother,
If this were lyvyng oonly and noon other.
But ther is better lif in other place
That never ſhal be loſt, ne drede the nought.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

Yt ſat hir wondir wel to ſynge.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

June 3.

The wise man makith no lesyng when he turneth his corage to the bettre.

"Tale of Melibeus."

In women is al trouthe and stedfastnesse;
For of good feith, I never of hem lye
But moche worthyp, bounty and gentylnesse
Ryght comyng, faire and ful of mekenesse.

"A Praise of Women."

June 4.

Love is the medicine that caſtith out the venym of envye fro mannes herte.

"The Perſones Tale."

In gettynge of richeſ ye moot flee ydelneſſe.
And afterward ye ſchul uſe the richeſſes
ye han ;geten by youre witte and travaille, that men holde yow ne to ſparynge, ne to fool large.

"Tale of Melibeus."

June 5.

And that was he that bare the enſaigne
Of worſhip, and the gounfaucoun.
And yit he is of ſich renoun
That men of hym ſeye faire thynges
Byfore barouns, erles and kynges.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

And ſikurly he was of gret diſport
And ful pleſaunt and amiable of port.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

June 6.

And ful of honour and of curteiſie;
Diſcret ynough, his contré for to gie.
"The Clerkes Tale."

She found him ſo diſcreet in all
That wel ſhe felte he was to hire a wall
Of ſtiel, and ſhield from every diſpleaſaunce.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

June 7.

Ther ben general ſignes of gentilleſſe; as uſinge vertu, curteiſie, and to be liberal, that is to ſayn, large by meaſure. And another is to remembre him of bounté that he of other folk hath reſceyved.

"The Perſones Tale."

Here may ye ſeen, what lover ſo he be,
A woman dar and kan as wel as he.

"Legende of Goode Women."

June 8.

Hle fro the pres, and dwelle with ſothfaſtneſſe
Suffice the thy good, though hit be ſmale;
For horde hath hate and clymbing tikelneſſe.
"Good Counſeil of Chaucer."

Hir foreheed frounceles al pleyne,
Bent were hir browis two,
Hir eyen greye and glad alſo.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

June 9.

. . . . . Thought may flee ſo hye,
With fetheres of Philoſophye,
To paſſen everyche elemente.
"The Houſe of Fame."

And fleeting they were in ſuch weal
As folke that would in no wiſe,
Deſire more perfight paradis.
"Chaucer's Dream."

June 10.

Whiche that is a man maked al of ſapience and vertu.
"Boethius."

. . . . . that fairer was to ſeene
Than is the lily on hire ſtalkes grene.
"The Knightes Tale."

Swich renowne was ther ſpronge of hir goodnelle.
"Legende of Goode Women."

June 11.

He that overcometh his herte, overcometh twyes.
"Tale of Melibeus."

And eek she lafte noght, for noon huntyng
To have of sundry tonges ful knowyng;
Whan that she leyser hadde, and for to entende
To lerne bookes, was al hire likyng,
How she in vertu myght hir lyf dispende.
"The Monkes Tale."

June 12.

For everything he saide there
Seemed as it insealed were,
Or approved for very trewe:
Swich was his conning language newe,
And wel according to his chere.
"Chaucer's Dream."

. . . . . best biloved of alle,
And freshest flour, to whom good thrift God sende!
"A Goodly Ballade of Chaucer."

June 13.

Not oo word ſpak he more than was neede;
Al that he ſpak it was of heye prudence,
And ſchort, and quik, and ful of gret ſentence.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Benigne port, glad chere, with loulyhed,
Of womanhede ryght plenteous largeſſe,
Nature in her fully did empreſſe.
"Complaynte of a Loveres Life."

June 14.

Nothyng brought me to maiſtrie or dignite but the comune ſtudie of al goodenes.

"Boethius."

Hor though that ever vertuous was ſche,
Sche was encreſed in ſwich excellence
Of thewes good, yſet in heigh bounte
And ſo diſcret and fair of eloquence.

"The Clerkes Tale."

June 15.

My worde, my werkes, ys knyt ſo in your bond
That as an harpe obeieth to the hond,
That maketh it ſoune after his fyngerynge
Ryght ſo mowe ye out of my herte bringe
Swich voiſ, ryght as yow liſt, to laugh or pleyne
Be ye myn gide, and lady ſovereyne.

"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

Myn herte is youres, and myn ryght nought
As it bihoveth, in dede and thought,
Redy in alle to worche youre wille.

"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

June 14.

Nothyng brought me to maiſtrie or dignite but the comune ſtudie of al goodenes.

"Boethius."

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Swich hoiſ, ryght as yow liſt, to laugh or pleyne
Be ye myn gide, and lady ſovereyne.

"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

Myn herte is youres, and myn ryght nought
As it bihoveth, in dede and thought,
Redy in alle to worche youre wille.

"The Romaunt of the Role."

June 16.

. . . . . a ſemely man withalle,
And like a lorde, and had a grete renoun,
And of his loke as rial as a lyoun,
And goodly of his ſpeche, and ſamulere.
"Legende of Goode Women."

Daiſy of lyght, very grounde of comforte,
The Sonnes doughter, ye hight, as I rede.
"A Goodly Ballade of Chaucer."

June 17.

Loke who that is moſt patient in love,
He is at his avauntage al above.

"The Frankeleynes Tale."

Ther nys thyng in thys world of which we ſhuln have ſo gret ſoye, as when oure conſcience bereth us good witnes.

"Tale of Melibeus."

June 18.

Hul wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over-al in his cuntre.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Oret loos hath Largeſſe, and gret priſ;
For bothe wys folk and unwyſe
Were hooly to hir baundon brought,
So wel with giftes hath ſhe wrought.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

June 19.

Thereto he ſtrong was as a champioun.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Whan the wode wexeth redy of roſen floures in the firſt ſomer ſeſoun through the wynde Zephirus that wexeth warme, yſt the cloudy wynde auſter blowe kelliche, than goth their fairneſſe.

"Boethius."

June 20.

Unto his ordre he was a noble poſt.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

The myghty goddeſſe alſo of Nature,
That under God hath the governaunce
Of worldly thinges committed to her cure,
Diſpoſed hath, thurgh her wyſe purveaunce
To gif my lady ſo moche ſuffiſaunce
Of all vertues.
"Complaynte of a Loveres Life."

June 21.

And here I make myne proteſtacioun,
And deeply ſwere, as myne power, to bene
Feithful, devoid of variacioun
With all my reaſon and intelligence,
To done her honoure heigh and reverence.
"The Court of Love."

Valle we over untille ekte;
That wil not be, mote nedes be lekte.
"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

June 22.

For certeynly,' the seed of sooth haldith and clybith with-in youre corage.

"Boethius."

. . . . . hir beauté and hir cheere,
Hir yellow hair, hir bountee and hir manere
Her yhew, her wordes . . .
For by no craft hire beauty was not feigned.

"Legende of Goode Women."

June 23.

But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in coffre.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Whan fortune departed awey from the, she took awey hir freendes and lafte the thyne freendes.
"Boethius."

June 24.

Young, fresh, and strong, and hardy as a lion;
And trewe as steel in each condicioun.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

A lady karolede hem, that highte
Gladnesse, blisfulle, and the lighte;
Wel coude she synge and luskyly,
Noon half so wel and semely;
And couthe make in song swich refreynynge.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

June 25.

Curteiſie wole that ye ſocour
Hem that ben meke undir youre cure.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

So womanly, ſo benigne, and ſo meke,
That in this world, though that men wolde ſeche,
Half of hire beauty ne ſhoulde they not find
In creature that y-formed is by kind.
"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

June 26.

By loves bond is knit all things, ſwis,
Beſt unto beſt, the erth to water wanne
Bird unto bird, and woman unto manne.
"The Court of Love."

Was never none, that like better to ſing
Ne lady luſtier in carolling:
Or for to ſpeak of love or womanhede.
"The Chanounes Yemannes Tale."

June 27.

No where ſo bely a man as he ther n'as
And yit he ſemede beſter than he was.
"Prologue to the Cauntorbury Tales."

Hor every where and in ech place,
She governed her, that in grace
She ſtode alwey, with poore and riche
That, at a word, was noon her liche,
Ne half ſo able maiſtreſſe for to be.
"Chaucer's Dream."

June 28.

This noble enſample to his ſcheep he yaf
That firſt he wrought and afterward he taughte,
Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte.
And Chriſtes lore and his apoſtles twelve
He taughte, but firſt he folowed it hymſelve.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Hire countenaunce ys to her herte digne.
For they acordeden in deed and ſigne.
"Legende of Goode Women."

June 29.

And thenkith, lord, among your thoughtes wise,
How that our dayes passe in sondry wyse;
For though we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ryde,
Ay fleth the time, it wil no man abyde.
"The Clerkes Tale."

I yaf my trewe servise and my thought
To her that is of so grete excellence.
"Complaynte of Mars and Venus."

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That firſt he wroughte and afterward he taughte,
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June 29.

And thenkith, lord, among your thoughtes wise,
How that our dayes paſſe in ſondry wyſe;
For though we ſlepe, or wake, or rome, or ryde,
Ay fleth the time, it wil no man abyde.
"The Clerkes Tale."

I yaf my trewe ſervise and my thought
To her that is of ſo grete excellence.
"Complaynte of Mars and Venus."

June 30.

. . . . . wel-waxen was in heighte,
And complete, formed by proporcioun,
So wel, that Kynde it nought amenden mighte.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

To alle good thewes borne was she,
As lykede to the goddes or she was borne,
That of the sheke she shulde be the corne.
"Legende of Goode Women."

July.

Bryght was the day, and blew the firmament
Phebus hath of gold his stremes down i-sent
To gladen every flour with hys warmnelle.
He was that time in Gemines, as I gelle,
But little fro his declynacioun
Of Canker, Jobis exaltacioun.

Astrol: Terms.

Aurora with the stremes of hire hete,
Hadde dried uppe the dewe of herbes wete.

"Legende of Goode Women."

July 1.

Trouthe is the hyeste thyng that man may kepe.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

Hor when thy labour doon al ys,
And hast ymade rekenynges,
Instid of rest and newe thynges
Thou goost home to thy house anoon
And, also dombe, as ony stoon,
Thou sittest at another booke,
Tyl fully daselwyd ys thy looke.
"The House of Fame."

July 2.

And ebere honoured for hys worthineſſe.
"Prologue to the Cauntebury Tales."

And therefore Jobis, thurgh hys grace,
Wol that I here the to a place,
Which that highte the Houſe of Fame
To do the ſomme diſport and game
In ſomme recompenſacioun
Of labour and devocioun
Which thou haſt had.
"The Houſe of Fame."

July 3.

Be lusti, fre, persevere in thi servise
And al is wel if thow wyrke in this wise.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

Hir nose, hir mouth, and eyhe and cheke
Wel wrought, and alle the remnaunt eke.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Swete wordes multiplien and encresen frendes.
"Tale of Melibeus."

July 4.

A bettre felawe ſchulde men noght fynde.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Lo what gentylleſſe theſe women have,
How bely they be us to kepe and ſave,
Both in heale and alſo in ſikneſſe!
In every mannere; thus ſhow they routhe
That in hem is al goodneſſe and trouthe.
"A Praiſe of Women."

July 5.

. . . . . joyous and glad
And alſo rich in every thought.
"Chaucer's Dream."

But, finally, yt may not be withſtonde
Love wil love, for no wyght wol yt wonde.
"Prologue to the Legende of Good Women."

Hor gentil hert kytheth gentlenelle.
"The Squyeres Tale."

July 6.

And by ſeeming they were nothing to lere,
Their guiding they did ſo mannerly.
"The Flower and the Leaf."

That in theſe wymmen men may al day fynde
Ther, as they kaſte hire herte, ther it dwelleth.
"Legende of Goode Women."

Troublit eyen have no cleer ſight.
"Tale of Melibeus."

July 7.

The firſte fadir and fynder of gentilneſſe
What man deſcrith gentle for to be,
Moſte folowe his trace and all his wittes dreſſe;
Vertu to ſhew and vicis for to flee.

"Ballade."

Ne ſhe was dark, ne broun, but bryght
And clere as the mone-lyght.

"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

July 8.

That was of ſtrengthe alone pereles.
"Complaynte of a Loveres Life."

My lady is the verrey ſours and welle
Of love and ply, and of benigne humblelle
Of ſoune of inſtruments of al ſweetnelle
And therto ſo wel fortuned and thewed,
That thurgh the worlde her goodnelle is yſhewed.
"Compleynt of Mars."

July 9.

Construe the beste, beleve no tales newe
For many a lie is told, that semyth ful trewe.
"The Court of Love."

Hir goodly semblaunt, by devys,
I trow was maad in paradys;
For nature hadde nevere such a grace,
To forge a work of such compace.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

July 10.

Hul many a year in heigh proſperitee,
Lyven theſe two in concord and in reſte.
"The Clerkes Tale."

Diſcencioun bigynneth by another man, the reconſilynge bygynneth by thyſelf.
"Tale of Melibeus."

In curteiſie was ſett ful moche hire leſte.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

July 11.

If ſo be that thou ne mayſt nat thyn owen conſeil hyde, how darſtow prayen any oother wyght thy conſeil ſikerly to kepe.

"Tale of Melibeus."

That no wyght palled hire in hardyneſſe
Ne in lynage, ne in oother gentileſſe.

"The Monkes Tale."

July 12.

Moche is thy myght and thy nobleſſe.
"The Houſe of Fame."

Therwith ſhe loved ſo wel ryght,
She wronge do wolde to no wyght;
And therto I ſawgh never yit a leſs
Harmeful than ſhe was in doynge,
I ſay not that ſhe ne had knowynge
What harme was, or elles ſhe
Had koude no good, ſo thenketh me.
"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

July 13.

I ſworn ſul deepe and ech of us to other
Neyther of us in lobe to hyndren other,
Ne in non other cas, my leebe brother;
But that thou ſhuldeſt trewely forthren me
In every caas, and I ſhal forthren thee.
"The Knightes Tale."

It is more worth to be pacient than to be ryght ſtrong.
"Tale of Melibeus."

July 14.

Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempeſt had his berd ben ſchake.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

. . . . . ſhe was holde of alle quenes floure
Of gentileneſs, of fredome, of beautee,
That wel was him that myght hir oones ſee.
Shе ſtood ſo wel in every wyghtes grace.
"Legende of Goode Women."

July 15.

And thus in poverte is in dede
Trouthe declared fro falsehede,
For keynte frendis it wole declare,
And trewe also, what way they fare.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

But God forbede but a woman kan
Ben as trewe and lovynge as a man.
"Legende of Goode Women."

July 16.

. . . . . a worthy clerk
As preved by his wordes and his werk.
"The Clerkes Prologe."

But for that Fortune alle daye wol assaille
With unwar stroke the regnes that ben proude;
For whan men trusten hire, than wol she faille
And cover her bright face with a cloude.
"The Monkes Tale."

July 17.

To ſeke in armes worſhipe and honour
For al his luſt he ſette in ſwich labour.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

Wikednelle ſhal be warifhed by goodenelle, diſcord by accord, werre by pees, and ſo forthe of other thynges.
"Tale of Melibeus."

July 16.

. . . . . a worthy clerk
As preved by his wordes and his werk.
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With unwar stroke the regnes that ben proude;
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For al his luſt he ſette in ſwich labour.
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"Tale of Melibeus."

July 18.

For he was grounded in astronomye.
"Prologue to the Canterbury Tales."

Here may men see an humble wys accord;
Thus hath she take hire servaunt and hire lord,
Servant in love, and lord in mariage;
Than was he bothe in lordship and servage,
Servage? nay, but in lordship al above,
Sin he hath both his lady and hir love.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

July 19.

Was nevere swich another as was he
To speke of strengthe and ther-with hardynesse.
"The Monkes Tale."

Hire nose tretys; hire eyen greye as glas;
Hire mouth ful smal and therto soft and reed
But sikerly sche hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

July 20.

I gaf my trewe ſervíſe and my thoght
To her that is of ſo grete excellence.
"Complaynte of Mars and Venus."

In getynge of riches and in uſynge hem, ye ſchul alwayes have thre thynges in youre herte, that is to ſay, oure Lord God, conſcience and good name.
"Tale of Melibeus."

July 21.

And who-so wol have freendis heere
He may not holde his trelour deere.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

. . . . . for were she never so glad,
Hyr lokynge was not foly sprad,
Ne wildely, thogh that she pleyde;
Therwith hir lyste so wel to lyve,
That dulnesse was of hir adrad.
"The Boke of the Duchesse."

July 22.

For knightes e'er ſhuld be perſeverynge
To ſeche honour, without feintiſe or ſloth
From wel to bettre in al manere thyng.

"The Flower and the Leaf."

. . . . . it ſchal nat be
That ever in word or werk I ſchal repente
That I yow gaf myn hert in hool entente.

"The Clerkes Tale."

July 23.

And he wel more of virtue hath than myght
Thys knoweth ful many a wys and worthy knyght.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

That fairer was than the sune sheen.
That her to seen had every wyght likinge;
For, as of truth, ne is there none her liche,
Of al the women in thys world riche.
"Queen Annelida."

July 22.

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To ſeche honour, without feintiſe or ſloth
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That her to seen had every wyght likinge;
For, as of truth, ne is there none her liche,
Of al the women in thys world riche.
"Queen Annelida."

July 24.

And yet was he wher-so men went or riden
Founde oon the beſt and lengeſt time abiden
Ther peril was and vide eke ſwich travaille
In armes, that to thynke it was merbaille.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

We fynde in hem gentleneſſe and trouthe
Worſhyp, bounté, and kyndeneſſe evermore.
"A Praiſe of Women."

July 25.

And love enditeth lawes to trewe felawes. O weleful weere mankynde yif thilke loove that goverueth hevene governed youre corages.

"Boethius."

A fairer faugh I never noon than fche,
I pray to God yive hir profperité.

"The Clerkes Tale."

July 26.

To ſet my harte in place there I may like,
And gladly ſerve with all affecioun.
"The Court of Love."

Many frendes han thou, but among a thouſand cheſe thee oon to be a conſeillour.
"Tale of Melibeus."

So ful was hys corage of high empriſe.
"The Monkes Tale."

July 27.

. . . . . Unto men more profit doth
The froward Fortune and contraire,
Than the swote and debonaire;
And yf thee thynke it is doutable
It is thurgh argument probable.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

And in hir stable herte sadde and kinde.
"Legende of Goode Women."

July 28.

. . . . . graunte us now good fame,
In ful recompenſacioun
Of good werkes, gîve us good renoun.
"The Houſe of Fame."

In world is noon ſo fair a wyght!
For yonge ſhe was, and hewed bryght,
Sore pleaſaunt and ſetys with alle,
Gente, and in her myddille ſmalle.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

July 29.

He never yit he vileinye he sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray perfight gentil knight.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

She was aye one in hert and in visage;
And aye the farther that she was in age
The more trewe, if that it were possible,
She was to him in love and more penible.
"The Clerkes Tale."

July 30.

Eek therto he was right a mery man.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

. . . . . graunte us good fame,
And let oure werkes han that name,
Now in honour of gentilesse,
For we han wel deserved hyt,
Therfor ys ryght that we ben wel quyt.
"The House of Fame."

July 31.

There might men here my lady praiſed,
And ſuch a name of her arraiſed,
What of conning and friendlineſſe
What of beauty with gentilneſſe
What of glad and friendly cheares
That her uſed in alle her yeares
That wonder was hear every wyght
To ſay well, how they did their myght.

"Chaucer's Dream."

Auguſt.

What theſe clothes thus manyfolde
Lo, this hoote somers day?
After greete hete cometh cold
No man caſt his pilch away.

"Proverb of Chaucer."

A blysful lyf, a paylyble and a ſwete
Ledden the poeples in the former age;
They helde hem paied of the fructes that they ete
Which that the feldes gafe hem by uſage.

"The Former Age."

Auguſt 1.

For his ſcience, and for his heigh renoun,
Of fees and robes hadde he many a oon.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Eternity then is perfit poſſeſſioun and al togidre of liſe interminable, and that ſheweth more clerely by the compariſoun or collacioun of temporel thynges.

"Boethius."

Auguſt 2.

. . . . . gan me aqueynte
With him, and fonde him ſo tretable,
Ryght wonder ſkylful and reſonable.
"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

So benign and ſo digne of reverence
That couldé ſo the people's hert embrace,
That each hir loveth that looketh on hir face.
"The Clerkes Tale."

Auguſt 3.

And next the darke nyght is the glad morrow
And alſo joy is next the fine of ſorrow.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

. . . . . us oghte
To receyven al in gree that God us ſente,
For greet ſkile is, he preeve that he wroghte,
And for oure beſt is al his gobernaunce
Lat us thanne lyve in vertuous ſuffraunce.
"The Clerkes Tale."

August 4.

. . . . . Thereto he is the friendliest man
Of gret estaat, that e'er I saw my live.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

. . . . . it is so long agoon
That I yow knewe so charitable and trewe
That never yit, syn that the world was newe
To me ne founde I bettre noon than yee.
"Legende of Goode Women."

Auguſt 5.

Oret thynges ben not ay accompliſed by ſtrengthe, ne by delyverneſſe of body, but by good conſeil.

"Tale of Melibeus."

And ek the pure wyſe of hire mevynge
Schewede wele, that men might in hire geſſe
Honor, eſtaat, and womanly nobleſſe.

"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

August 6.

But forth to tellen of this worthi man
I seye that first with heigh stile he enditeth
[Er he the body of his tale writeth].
(Tennyson) the laureat poete
Highte this clerk, whos rethorike sweete
Enlumyned al (Engelond) of poetrie.
"The Clerkes Prologue."

Alle-though they were of grete renoune
For her vertue and her thewes.
"The House of Fame."

Auguſt 7.

Of ſtudie took he moſt cure and heede.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Sir, the fyrſte verm, certayne,
The grettеſt and moſt ſoverayne
That may be founde in any man,
For havyng, or for wytte he can,
That is hys tongue to refrayne.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

Auguſt 8.

. . . . . for naught but good it is
To loven well, and in a worthy place,
Thee ought not to clepen it hap, but grace.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

My lord and I ben ful of oon accord.
I made hire to the worſhipe of my lord;
So do I alle myne other creatures,
What colour that they han or what figures.
Thus ſemeth me that Nature wolde ſaye.
"The Tale of the Doctor of Phiſik."

August 9.

Hat mercy been in youre mynde and in youre herte.
"Tale of Melibeus."

Tho was I war wher that ther sat a queene
That as of lyght the someris sunnys shene
Passith the sterre, right so overmeasure
She fayrere was than ony creature.
"The Assembly of Foules."

Auguſt 10.

. . . . . Ye have a ſervaunt, one,
That truer living is ther noon;
For of one thyng ye may be ſure,
He wil be youres whyl he may dure.
"Chaucer's Dream."

Thre thynges ben contrarioule to good conſeil,—that is to ſeyn, ire, coveitiſe, and haſtifneſſe.
"Tale of Melibeus."

August 11.

That in their time did many a noble deed
And for their worthynelle ful oft have bore
The crown of laurel leaves on their head.
"The Flower and the Leaf."

. . . . . that pollessioun
I might of her have, that in al my life
I clepen thal my quene and hartes wife.
"The Court of Love."

August 12.

. . . . . So manly was of herte,
And so wel loved estatly honesté.
"The Monkes Tale."

But trewely the cause of my comynge,
Was oonly for to herkne how that ye synge,
Therwith ye han in musik more felynge,
Than hadde Boece, or eny that can synge.
"The Nonne Prestes Tale."

August 13.

For sothe he was a worthi man withalle.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

For o thing, sirs, sakely dare I seye
That frendes evereach other must obeye,
If they will longe holden companye,
Love wil not be constreyned by maistrie.
Love is a thing, as any spirit, free.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

August 14.

He was of perſone, and of gentilleſſe,
And of diſcrecioun, and of hardyneſſe,
Worthy to any wyght that liven may.
"Legende of Goode Women."

He thonked God, of whom procedeth al vertu and alle goodneſſe, that hym ſent a wyf of ſo greet diſcrecioun.
"Tale of Melibeus."

August 15.

That ben as trewe as ever was any ſteel.
"Legende of Goode Women."

Now voucheth ſauf this day, er hyt be nighte
That I of yow the blisful ſoun may here,
Or ſee your colour like the ſonne bryghte
That of yelownelle hadde never pere:
Ye be my lyfe! ye be my hertys ſtere!
"Chaucer's Complaynte to his Purſe."

August 16.

The doctrine and the wit of a man is known by patience.

"Tale of Melibeus."

To yow my purse and to noon other wight
Complain I, for ye be my lady dere!
I am so sory now that ye been light
For, certes, but-yf ye make me hevy chere,
Me were as leef be layde upon my bere.

"Complaynte of Chaucer to his Purse."

August 17.

. . . . . one
That trusty is, and trewe as stone.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Assembled is in thee magnificence
With mercy, goodness, and such pitee
That thou, that art the soune of excellence,
Not only helpest hem that prayen thee
But ofte time, of thy benignitee
Ful frely, er that men thine help beseche
Thou goost biforn, and art here lyves leche.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

Auguſt 18.

But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
His ſtremes and his daungers hym biſides,
His herberwe and his moone, his lodemenage
Ther was noon ſwich from Hulle to Cartage.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Where was ordained and aviſed
Everything and well deviſed,
That pleaſen might to moſt and leaſte.
"Chaucer's Dream."

August 19.

The conſeil of trewe frendes yeveth ſweetneſſe to the ſoul.

"Tale of Melibeus."

. . . . . many a fals flatour
Is in youre courtes, and many a loſengour
That pleſen yow wel more, by my feith,
Than he that ſothfaſtneſſe unto yow ſeith.

"The Nonne Prestes Tale."

August 20.

So fresh, so young, so wieldy semed he
It was a heavene on him for to see.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

But for to speken of hire eyen clere,
Lo! trewely they written that hire seyen,
That Paradise stood formed in hire eyen.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

August 21.

Of thin acqueintaunce I wol praye the,
And eek of brotherhood, if it yow lest.
"The Freres Tale."

For pity runneth soon in gentle herte.
"The Knightes Tale."

But natheles, so sad and stedfast was she
That she endured al adversitee.
"The Clerkes Tale."

Auguſt 22.

God lovede he beſt with al his trewe herte
At alle tymes, though him gamede or ſmerte
And thanne his neighebour right as himſelve.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Symple of attire, and debonaire of cheere,
With ful allured looking and mannere.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

August 23.

In many cruel bataille, out of drede,
Was seen his knyghthod and his grete myghte;
And if I hadde taken for to write
The armes of this ilke worthi man
Than wold Ich of his batailles endite.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

With brightnes of the beauty of her face
Fulfilled al of largesse and of grace.
"Queen Annelida."

August 24.

He syngeth and daunceth passyng any man
That is or was sith that the world biganne.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

Nor ther was noon so wys that cowthe seye,
That any hadde of other avauntage
Of worthinesse, ne of estaat.
"The Knightes Tale."

August 25.

In al thys world ther nys a bettre knyghte
Than he, that is of worthinelle the welle
And wel moore vertu hath than myght.
"Troylus and Cryleyde."

And if she hadde an enemy,
I trowe that she cowde trictely
Make hym fulle loone hir freend to be.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

August 26.

That hath of wisdom such a gret renoun.
"The Nonne Prestes Tale."

. . . . . everich at his degrè
He seketh hem, and doth so gret labour
To esen hem, and don hem al honour,
That yit men wene that no mannes wit
Of non estat ne cowde amenden it.
"The Knightes Tale."

Ful gracious and fair for to biholde.
"The Clerkes Tale."

August 27.

O fleiſch they ben, and on blood, as I gelle
Have but oon herte in wele and in diſtreſſe.
"Chaucer (Morley's Engliſh Writers)."

Let me alone in cheeſing of my wyf,
That charge upon my bak I wil endure;
But I yow pray, and charge upon your lyf
That what wyf that I take, ye me aſſure
To worſchippe whil that hir lif may endure
In word and werk, both heer and every wher
As ſche an emperoures doughter were.
"The Clerkes Tale."

August 28.

Whan maystrie cometh, the god of love anon
Beteth on hys wynges, and fare wel, he is gon.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

That semed welle of alle gentilnesse.
"Tale of Melibeus."

Ek what availeth maner and gentilesse
Without yow, benigne creature?
"Complaynte to Pité."

August 29.

But half so wel biloved a man as he
Ne was ther nevere in court of his degré.
"The Knightes Tale."

. . . . . whos welfare and hele eke God encrese
In honour suche, that upward in degré
Yit grow alwey, soo that it never cese
Ryght as your herte ay can, my lady fre.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

August 30.

. . . . . Jolif, fresh, and fete, with thinges newe,
Courtly with maner, this is al thy due
Gentill of porte.

"Court of Love."

. . . . . she that is of alle floures flour
Fulfilled of al vertue and honour
And evere ilike fair and freshe of hue.

"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

Auguſt 31.

Hor he became the moſt frendely wyght
The gentileſt and eke the moſte free,
The truſtieſt and oon the beſte knyght.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

Clere broun ſhe was, and therto bright
Of face, of body avenaunt
I wot no lady ſo pleſaunt.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

Septembre.

By thise same cause the floury yere yeldeth swote smellys in the fyrste somer sesoun warmynge, and the hote somer dryeth the cornes and autumpne cometh ageyne hevy of apples, and fletyng reyne bydeweth the wynter, his attemperaunce norysshth and brynggeth furthe al thinge that bredith lyfe in his worlde.

"Boethius."

September 1.

An houſhaldere, and that a gret, was he.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

That as the ſomerys ſonne bryghte
Ys fairer, clerer, and hath more lyghte
Than any othere planete in hevene,
For all the world ſo had ſhe
Surmounted hem al of beautee.
"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

September 2.

And thus withinne a whyle hys name is spronge
Bothe of his dedes, and of his goode tongue.
"The Knightes Tale."

I bethoughte me that Nature
He formed never in creature,
So moche beauty trewely
And bounte.
"The Boke of the Duchesse."

September 3.

Soth of hys word, benign and honurable;
Of hys corage as any centre ſtable.

"The Squyeres Tale."

And wonder wel ſpeken in hire abſens
Of hire, in preyſing of hire excellence;
Hire gobernaunce, hire wit, and hire mannere
Comendiden they, it a ſoie was to here.

"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

September 4.

For Infortune makith anoon,
To knowe thy freendis fro thy foon,
By experience, ryght as it is,
The which is more to preise, ywis.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so sharp, so hard the conquerynge.
"The Assembly of Foules."

September 5.

He was so glad, that I kan not expresse
In no mannere his mirth and his gladnesse.
"The Chanounes Yemannes Tale."

. . . . . desire to be honourable;
Suffre nothyng that may be reprobable
To thyn estaate, doon in thy regioun;
Drede God, do law, love trouthe and worthinesse.
"Ballad to King Richard."

September 6.

And ben of good condiciouns therto;
For greete power and moral vertue heere
Is selde yseyn in o person iheere.

"Troylus and Cryseyde."

. . . . . I say, white as snowe
Ben al her teeth, and in order they stonde
In one stature.

"The Court of Love."

September 7.

Sownynge in moral vertu was his ſpeche
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Cibella maade the daylye and the floure
Ycrowned al with white, as men may ſee,
And Mars gaf to hire corowne reede, pardee
In ſtede of rubyes, ſette among the white.
"Legende of Goode Women."

September 8.

A man loveth more tendirly
The thyng that he hath bought most dere.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Hor she was wont in every place
To syngen first, folk to solace,
For syngyng most she gat hir to;
Ne craft hadde she so leef to do.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

September 9.

He that reproveth him that doth folie, he schal fynde gretter grace than he that deceyveth him by swete wordes.

"Tale of Melibeus."

For sothe oon manner gentry is for to prayse, that apparailleth mannes corage with vertues and moralitees.

"The Persones Tale."

September 10.

. . . . . for turned up-ſo-doun
Is alle this worlde, for mede and welfulnelle,
That alle is loſte for lakke of ſtedfaſtneſſe.
"Ballad to King Richard."

A doughter hath, that, ſith the world bygan,
To rekne as wel hir goodnes as her bewté,
Nas never ſuch another as was ſche.
"The Man of Lawes Tale."

September 11.

. . . . . ful riche of excellence
Discret he was, and of gret reverence
He semede swich, hys wordes weren so wys.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

By sufferaunce and wordis softe,
A man may overcomen ofte
Hym that afore he hadde in drede.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

September 12.

For ye witen how that he
Wole ever glad and joyfulle be
Honestly with folk to pleye.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

. . . . . that ye may sette youre harte there ye may like
In such a place, that it to love may be
Honour and worship and felicité
To you for ay.

"The Court of Love."

September 13.

The jugges bere not the ſpere withoute cauſe, but they beren it to punyſſche miſdoers and for to defende good men.

"Tale of Melibeus."

Of fredam palled he, and luſtyhed.

"Legende of Goode Women."

Sye hadde ſo ſtedfaſte countenaunce,
So noble porte, and meyntenaunce.

"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

September 14.

And therewo he was hardy, wys, and riche,
And pitous, and juſt, and alwey yliche.
"The Squyeres Tale."

As whyte as lylye or roſe in rys,
Hir face gentyl and tretys.
Fetys ſhe was, and ſmal to ſee
No wyntred browes hadde ſhe.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

September 15.

For ever redy, glad and dyligent,
Ye ſhalle me fynde in ſervice to your grace.
"Court of Love."

It is certeyne and eſtabliſſed by law perdurable, that nothyng that is engendred, nys ſtedfaſt ne ſtable.
"Boethius."

September 16.

Good herte makith the good thought;
The clothing geveth ne reveth nought,
The good thought and the worthing,
That makith the religioun floworyng;
Ther lyth the goode religioun
After the ryght entencioun.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Sche nolde not ben ydel til sche slepte.

"The Clerkes Tale."

September 17.

That ben as trewe as ever was any steel.
"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

. . . . . they geven nought a like
For no fame, ne such renoun;
For they for contemplacioun
And Goddes love, hadde y-wrought
Ne of Fame wolde they nought.
"The House of Fame."

September 18.

The governaunce of this world nis nat subgit ne underput to the folly of these happes aventurouses, but to the resoun of God.

"Boethius."

Hir voice ful clere was and ful swete
She was nought rude and ne unmete
But courthe ynow of sich doyng
As longeth unto karolyng.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

September 19.

Olde freendes, which that were trewe and wyſe.
"Tale of Melibeus."

It is to ſay in engliſh hevenes lilie
"Cecile" as I writen fynde,
Is joyned in a maner conjoyninge
Of "heven" and "lia," and here, in figurynge
The "heven" is ſet for thought of holynelle
And "lia" for her lacking bliſnelle.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

September 20.

. . . . . Young and lustie of corage
Sad, wise and trewe, of wordes abylee.
"Legende of Goode Women."

And such a goodly swete speche
Had that sweet, my live's leche!
So friendely and so wel ygrounded,
Upon reason so wel yfounded,
And so treatable to al good.
"The Boke of the Duchesse."

September 21.

Wel cowde he dresse his takel yemanly.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Be meke where thou must nedis bowe;
To strive ageyne is nought thi prowe.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Queen of comforte and goode compainye.
"Chaucer's Complaynte to his Purse."

September 22.

The maiſter leſith his time to lere
Whanne that the diſciple wole not here.
It is but veyne on him to ſwynke
That on his lernyng wole not thenke.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

. . . . . of gret nobleſſe,
And gret of prys in every place.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

September 23.

. . . . . with heele and grete honour
As he that was of chivalrie the flour,
The freshe knyght, the worthy man of armes.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

. . . . . him loveth so tendrely,
And he hire serveth al so gentilly,
That nevere was ther no word hem bitweene
Of jelousye, or any other teene.
"The Knightes Tale."

September 24.

Is than the condicioun of thinges turned upſe down, that a man that is a devyne beeſt by merit of his reſoun, thynketh that hymſelf is neyther fair ne noble, but if it thurgh the poſſeſſioun of oſtlements.

"Boethius."

Hairest of fair and goodlyest on live.

"Chaucer's Dream."

September 25.

He that soone demeth, soone repenteth.
"Tale of Melibeus."

Hor every wyght preiseth hys gentilesse.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

. . . . . mean ywas of hir stature
Therto of shape, of face, and eke of cheer
There mighten be no fairer creature.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

September 26.

In hys tyme of ſtrengthe, he bar the flour.
"The Monkes Tale."

For certes, what-ſo eny womman ſeith
We alle deſiren, if it myghte be,
To han houſbondes, hardy, wiſe, and frē
And ſecré, and no nygard, ne no fool,
Ne him that is agaſt of every tool,
Ne noon abaundour.
"The Nonne Preſtes Tale."

September 27.

. . . . . he ſhall be ſtable,
And therto gracious and merciable.
"Legende of Goode Women."

Women are born to thraldom and penaunce
And to be undir mannes governaunce.
"The Man of Lawes Tale."

That was ful noble and hautayn of hyre porte.
"The Aſſembly of Foules."

September 28.

My witte, my thought, my luſt and love ſo guyde
To ſet myne harte in place there I may like
And gladly ſerve with al affecioun.

"The Court of Love."

Many a womman hath ben ful good, and hir conſeils ful hoolſome and profitable.

"Tale of Melibeus."

September 29.

A ſign of gentilleſſe is, a man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteigne to hihe vertuous thinges.

"The Perſones Tale."

And therfore it ſuffiſeth me
Her goode herte, and her beauté.
I wole her bring in grete nobleſſe,
If that I were God of Richeſſe.

"The Romaunt of the Role."

September 30.

Of myght, of power, of richelle and of freendes.
"Tale of Melibeus."

And were ryght glad lady and lord
Of the marriage and th' accord,
And wished us heartes pleſaunce
In joy and heal, continuance.
"Chaucer's Dream."

Octobre.

Also that the fresh summer flowers
The whyte and red, the blue and green,
Be suddenly with winter showers
Made faint and fade withouten ween.

"Ballad."

October 1.

And though he hooly were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man noght despitous.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Certys dignitees appartienen properly to vertu, and vertue transporteth dignite anon to thilke man to which she hir self is conjoined.
"Boethius."

Dctober 2.

Hor he was young and myghty for the nones
And therto he was strong and bygge of bones.
"The Knightes Tale."

. . . . . glad spirits, full of trouth,
Loth to do fault, or with a slouth
Attaynté be in anywise
Which ever trewe hadde be londe.
"Chaucer's Dream."

Oktober 3.

. . . . . preſt and courageous
Hardy and teſtif, ſtrong and chivalrous
Of dedes.

"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

Then I myght aviſe them one by one,
Who faireſt was, who beſt could daunce or ſyng
Or who moſt womanly was in alle thyng.

"The Flower and the Leaf."

October 4.

. . . . . let this man have ſpace,
He in the waſt is ſchape as wel as I;
This were a poppet in an arm to embrace,
For any womman, ſmal and fair of face
He ſemeth elviſch by his contenaunce,
For unto no wyght doth he daliaunce.
"Prologe to Sire Thopas."

With holy heart and with an heih corage.
"The Knightes Tale."

October 5.

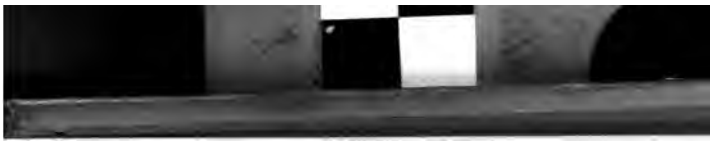
For oberal where that I myn eyen caſte,
Were treis clad with levys that ay ſhal laſte,
Each in his kynde, of colour froſch and greene
As emeraude, that joye it was to ſeene.
"The Aſſembly of Foules."

For of good name and wiſdome and mannere
She hath ynough, and eke of gentilneſſe.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

Oktober 6.

That for to honten is so desirous,
For in his hontyng hath he such delyt,
That it is al his joye and appetyt.
"The Knightes Tale."

Good and glad, and lowly, I yow ensure
Is this goodly angelyke creature.
"A Praise of Women."



October 7.

I have perceived wel by certeyne evidences thine abilite to lerne sciencez touchinge noumbres and proporcioun̄s.

"Treatise on the Astrolabe."

. . . . . through hir witte
Could all the feat of wikely homelinels,
But eke when the cale required it,
The common profit couldé the redreſſe.

"The Clerkes Tale."

October 8.

If it so be that thou art myghty over thi self, that is to seyn by tranquilitee of thi soul, then hast thou thing in thi power that thou noldest never lesen, ne fortune may nat bynyme it the.

"Boethius."

And coude swich honour and reverence
And worthily they preisen hire prudence.

"The Clerkes Tale."

October 9.

For certainly, whan fortune luſt to flee
Ther may no man the cours of her whiel holde,
Let no man truſt in blind proſperité.
"The Monkes Tale."

Of body ful wel wrought was ſhe;
Men nedede not in no cuntré
A faire body for to ſee.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

October 10.

For the trouthe of thinges, and the profit, ben rather founden in fewe folk that ben wife and ful of refon.

"Tale of Melibeus."

I wot no lady fo pleafant,
She were worthy for to bene
An emperefle or crowned quene.

"The Romaunt of the Rofe."

October 11.

He that forleteth certeyne ordinaunce of doynge by overthrowing way, hath no glade issue or ende of hys werkes.

"Boethius."

To speke of goodenelle trewely she
Had as much debonairyté
As ever had Hester.

"The Boke of the Duchelle."

October 12.

And evercmore he hadde a lovereyn prys,
And though that he was worthy, he was wys.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

. . . . . what man, lered or lewede,
That loveth comune profyt, wel ythewede,
He shal into a blysful place wende,
Ther the joy is that lasteth withoute ende.
"The Assembly of Foules."

Dctober 13.

Heithfulle and full of ſtabilite.
"The Romaunt of the Role."

And the ryver that thus I ſat upon,
Hit made ſuch a noyſe as hit ther ron,
Acordaunt to the foules ermonye,
Me thoghte it was the beſt melodye
That myghte be herd of eny lyvyng man.
"The Cuckow and the Nightingale."

October 12.

And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys,
And though that he was worthy, he was wys.
"Prologue to the Canterbury Tales."

. . . . . what man, lered or lewede,
That loveth comune profyt, wel ythewede,
He shal into a blysful place wende,
Ther the joy is that lasteth withoute ende.
"The Assembly of Foules."

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Acordaunt to the foules ermonye,
Me thoghte it was the beſt melodye
That myghte be herd of eny lyvyng man.
"The Cuckow and the Nightingale."

October 14.

Ther may no man ayeines trouthe ſtryve.
"Complaynte of a Loveres Lyfe."

This is wel knowen, and hath ben or this,
That women ben cauſe of alle lightneſſe,
Of knighthode, norture, eſchewyng al malis,
Encreaſe of worſhip, and of alle worthyneſſe;
Therto curteys and meke and ground of al goodneſſe.
"A Praiſe of Women."

October 15.

Swich is the condicioun of al man kynde that oonly whan he hath knowyng of himself, than passeth he in noblesse al other thynges.

"Boethius."

With eyen gladde, and browes bente;
Hir here down to hir helis wente;
And she was symple as dowbe of tree
Ful debonaire of herr was she.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

October 16.

In hym ys bounté, wyſdom, and gouernaunce,
Wel more than eny mannes witte can gelle.
"The Complaynt of Mars and Venus."

And yet ſhe ſitte ſo in myn herte,
That, by my trouthe, I nolde noght
For al thys worlde, oute of my thoght
Leve my lady; noo, trewely!
"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

October 17.

A trewe frend is a ſtrong defence, whoſo that it findeth, certys, he findeth a gret treſour.

"Tale of Melibeus."

The firſt moevere of the cauſe above,
Whan he firſt made the fayre cheyne of love,
Gret was theffect, and heigh was his entente;
Wel wiſte he why and what therof he mente.

"The Knightes Tale."

October 18.

True of meaning, devoid of sloth
For wit is naught, withouten truth.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

For yif so be that perfeccioun is don awey, men may nat thinke nor seye fro whennes thilke thing is that is cleped inperfit.
"Boethius."

October 19.

For who his freend loveth evermore
Though men draw sword his freend to slo
He may nat hewe her love a-two.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

"This is my wife," quod he, "that standith here
Honoureth her, and loveth her, I pray,
Whoso me loveth, ther nis no more to say."
"The Clerkes Tale."

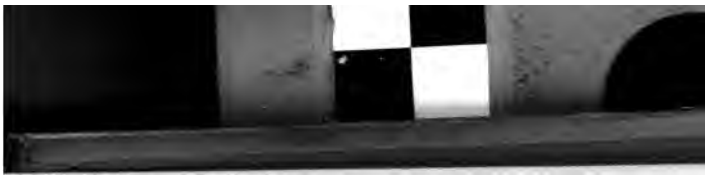
October 20.

And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to them give I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon.

"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

Wyght yonge and fulle of lemelyhede.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."



October 21.

Ne fresher was and jollier of array
As to my doom, than is the moneth of May.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

As seith the philosophre, a man is a quick thyng, by nature debonaire, and tretable to al goodenesse, but when debonayrytee is enformed of grace than is it the more worth.
"The Persones Tale."

October 22.

Lolite, plesaunce and eke freshnesse
Lowlyhed and trewe companye,
Semelyhed, largenesse and curteisie.
"The Cuckow and the Nyghtyngale."

Herkneth these blisful briddes how they synge,
And seth these fresshe floures how they sprynge,
Ful is myn hert of revel and solaas.
"The Nonne Prestes Tale."

October 23.

. . . . . in werk or dede
He were fulle hardy, out of drede.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Tyme cometh efte, that cese shal your sorowe,
The glad nyght is worthe an hevy morowe.
"The Complaynte of Mars."

To whom that she was geven herte and al.
"The Clerkes Tale."

Oktober 24.

Marriage is a ful gret sacrament.
"Chaucer (Morley's English Writers)."

Hor one the conningeste creature
She was, and so said everichone,
That ever her knew, ther saylede none,
For she was sober and wel-avised,
And from every fault disguised,
And nothing used but feith and truth.
"Chaucer's Dream."

October 25.

. . . . . hath caught so gret plesaunce
To have his figure in hys remembraunce,
That al his lust and al his bely cure,
Was for to love hir, whiles his life may dure.
"The Man of Lawes Tale."

. . . . . oon the kayreste, out of drede
And goodelyeste.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

Dctober 26.

And wel hys wordes he bilette kan,
And had a noble vilage for the noones
And formed wel of brawnes and of boones.
"Legende of Goode Women."

Shе nas too ſober ne too glad;
In alle thynges more meaſure
Ne had nevere, I trow, creature.
"The Boke of the Ducheſſe."

October 27.

When that erthely luſt is overcomen, a man is makid worthi to the hevene.

"Boethius."

So womanly, with voys melodious
Syngen so wel, so goodely and so clere,
That in my soule yit, me thinkith Ich here
The blisful soun.

"Troylus and Cryseyde."

October 28.

The beste and the grettest of valour
That best deserven love and name.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Sothly me lemeth betre to writen unto a child twies a good lentence, than he forget it ones.

"Treatise on the Astrolabe."

To every wight the woxen is so deere
And worshipful.

"The Clerkes Tale."

Oktober 29.

If thow to us have neede, thow schalt fynde us prest
We wiln stand with thee whil that we may dure.
"The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn."

Of al that londe oon the lustiest.
"Legende of Goode Women."

. . . . . the stremes hede
Of grace, of alle honour, and of worthynesse.
"L'Envoy de Chaucer à Scogan."

Oktober 30.

And beareth him at home ſo gentilly
To ev'ry wyght, that alle preiſe hath he
Of them that me wer lever preiſed be.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

That of alle the floures in the mede,
Thanne love I mooſt thiſe floures white and rede,
Suche as men clepen dayſeyes in her toune.
"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

Dctober 31.

Thurgh out thys wyde world hys name is ron,
What for hys ſtrengthe and hys heigh bountee
And every reawme went he for to ſee.
"The Monkes Tale."

And that is ſhe that hath, ywys,
So mochel pris; and therto ſhe
So worthy is biloved to be.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

Novembre.

And as in winter leves ben byraft
Eche efter other, til the tre be bare,
So that ther nys but bark and braunches claft.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

November 1.

Curteys he was, and lowly of ſervyſe,
Ther nas no man nowher ſo vertuous.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Horſothe frendes ne ſhollen nat ben rekkened among the goodes of Fortune, but of vertue; for it is a ful holy manere thyng.
"Boethius."

November 4.

He can of mirthe and eke of jollity
Not but enough.
"Prologe of the Chanounes Yeman."

He who so that lekith soth by deep thoght, and coveyteth nat to ben deceyvyd by no myȝ-weyes, let hym rollen and trenden with-inne hymself the Lyght of his inward syghte.

"Boethius."

November 5.

His herte aye with the firſte and with the beſte
Stod peregral to dare do what him leſte.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

But ſothfaſt freendis, what-ſo bitide,
In every fortune wolen abide:
Thei han ther hertis in ſuch nobleſſe
That they nyl love for no richeſſe,
Nor for that Fortune may them ſende
Thei wolen them ſocour and defende.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

November 6.

Ne pride, non envy, non avaryce
No lord, no taylage, by no tyrannye.
Humblesse and pes, good feith the emperyce
Fulfilled erthe of olde curtesie.

"The Former Age."

She had so stedfast countenaunce
So noble port and maintenaunce.

"The Boke of the Duchesse."

November 7.

He was a verrey parfight practiſour
The cauſe i-knowe of his harm the roote,
Anon he yaf the ſyke man hys boote.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Hor as the ſonne wole the fire diſteyne,
So paſſith al my lady ſovereyne,
That ys ſo good, ſo faire, ſo debonayre,
I pray to God that ever falle hire faire.
"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

November 8.

. . . . . he that honourable
Was all his live, and ful of heigh prowesse.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

And, at the laste, there then began anon
A lady for to sing right womanly
A bargaret in praising the daisy;
For, as methought, among her notes sweet
She said, "Si douce est la Margarete."
"The Flower and the Leaf."

November 9.

That that makith bookes worthi of pris or precious, that is to sein, the sentence.

"Boethius."

. . . . . encresceen hire honour
For she hirselven is honour and rote
Of bountee.

"The Prioresses Tale."

Hor unto virtue longeth dignity.

"Ballad."

November 10.

It is sign of gentil herte whan a man loveth and desireth to have a good name.

"Tale of Melibeus."

So pure sufficraunt was her wit,
And reason gladly she understood,
It followed gladly she couldé good.
She used gladly to do well.

"The Boke of the Duchesse."

November 11.

Thereto he couthe endite and make a thyng
Ther couthe no wyght pynche at his writyng.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

After the derknes of deceyvnge delyrynges are done away, thou may know the schynyng of verray lyght.
"Boethius."

November 12.

Syngynge he was or floytinge al the day;
He was as fresh as is the moneth of May.
"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

. . . . . She was a creature
Of whom the name should endure,
And in bookes full of pleasaunce
Be put for ever in remembraunce.
"Chaucer's Dream."

November 13.

And certayn he is wel bigone
Among a thousand that fyndith oon;
For ther ne may be no richelle
Ageyns frendshipp of worthynelle,
For it ne may so high atteigne
As may the valoure doth to feyne,
Of him that loveth trewe and welle.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

In felawelchipe wel cowde he lawghe and carpe.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

November 14.

. . . . . A lusty bachelere,
Of good stature, and of good highte,
And Bilacoil forsothe he highte.
Sone he was unto Curteisie.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

His laughing eyen, persaunt and clere
His chappe, his fourme, his goodly chere,
His mouth that is so gracious
So swete.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

November 15.

To us ſurgiens aperteneth that we do to every wyght the beſte that we kan.

"Tale of Melibeus."

Of mene ſtature and ſemely to biholde
Luſty and freſsh, demure of countynaunce
Yong and wel ſhape, with here that ſhone as gold,
With eyen as criſtall, farced with pleſaunce.

"The Court of Love."

November 16.

And by my trouthe I have ryght now of the
A good conceyte in my wit.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

Hul wel sche sang the servise divyne.
"Prologue to the Canterbury Tales."

Hire yelwe heer was browded in a tresse,
Byhinde hire bak, a yerde long I gesse.
And as an aungel hevenlyche she song.
"The Knightes Tale."

November 17.

For when a man hath over-great a witte,
Ful ofte him happeth to mis-usen itte.
"The Chanounes Yemannes Prologe."

. . . . . nothing she sayde,
Ne no chere made, nor sad ne light,
But all in one to every wight;
There was seene conning with estate,
In her without noise or debate.
"Chaucer's Dream."

November 18.

Moost feithful and moost wise, and moost approved in conseillinge.

"Tale of Melibeus."

For though that evere vertuous was she,
She was encrelled in swich excellence
Of thewes good, ylet in heigh bountee,
And so discreet and fair of eloquence.

"The Clerkes Tale."

November 19.

. . . . . full of righteouſneſs
True of hys word, ſober, piteous and free,
Clene of hys ghoſt, and lovid beſynelle.
"Ballad."

A wyf? a! Seinte Mary, benedicite
How myght a man have any adverſité
That hath a wyf? certes, I can not ſeyn.
"Chaucer (Morley's English Writers)."

November 20.

Let us be holden eke thereto
Worthy, wys and goode also
And rich and happy unto love.
"The House of Fame."

Her eyen greye, and glad also,
That laughden aye in hir semblant,
First ere the mouth, by covenant.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

November 21.

If ther be a blisfulnelle that be frele and vain and imperfit, ther may no man doute but ther nys fom blisfulnelle that is fad, ftedfaft and perfit.

"Boethius."

. . . . . and be eftately of mannere
And to be holden digne of reverence.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

November 20.

Let us be holden eke thereto
Worthy, wys and goode also
And rich and happy unto love.
"The House of Fame."

Her eyen greye, and glad also,
That laughden aye in hir semblant,
First ere the mouth, by covenant.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

November 21.

If ther be a blisfulnelle that be frele and vain and imperfit, ther may no man doute but ther nys som blisfulnelle that is fad, ſtedfaſt and perfit.

"Boethius."

. . . . . and be eſtately of mannere
And to be holden digne of reverence.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

November 22.

But I dar ſay I am hir treweſt man,
As to my deme, and fairell wolde hir pleſe
At ſhorte wordes, til that deth me ſeſe
I wol ben hirſe, whethir I wake or wynke
And trewe in al that herte may bethynke.
"The Aſſembly of Foules."

Nor I while that my liſe may laſt
More than my-ſelf will love yow to the laſt.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

November 23.

For to every wyght som goodly aventure
Somtyme is shape, if he it kan receyven.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

Ne nevere for no wele, ne for no wo,
Ne shal the goost with-inne myn herte stente
To love yow best, with-al my trewe entente.
"The Clerkes Tale."

November 24.

Trewe and ſker, curteys and hende,
And he was called by name a freende;
A trewer fellow was no-wher noon.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

Hor it is noble thyng in faye,
To have a man thou darſt ſaye
Thy pryvé counſelle every deele,
For that wole comforte thee right welle
Whanne ſuch a freend thou haſt allayed.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

November 25.

In olde men is al the ſapience, and in longe time the prudence.

"Tale of Melibeus."

Nyce ſhe was, but ſhe ne mente
Noon harm ne ſlighte in hir entente,
But only luſt and ſollitee,
For yonge folke wole, witen ye
Have lytel thoght but on her play.

"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

November 26.

But riche he was of holy thought and werk
He was also a lerned man, a clerk.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Whan they herden hire goodely wordes, they weren so surprised and ravisshed, and hadden so gret joye of her that wonder was it for to telle.

"Tale of Melibeus."

November 27.

. . . . . oon the gentilleſte
That ever was, and oon the worthyeſte.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

And yf that olde bokes were awey,
Ylorne were of remembraunce the key.
Wel ought us, thanne, honouren and beleve
Theſe bokes, there we han noon other preve.
"Legende of Goode Women."

November 26.

But riche he was of holy thought and werk
He was also a lerned man, a clerk.

"Prologue to the Caunterbury Tales."

Whan they herden hire goodely wordes, they weren so surprised and ravisshed, and hadden so gret joye of her that wonder was it for to telle.

"Tale of Melibeus."

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That ever was, and oon the worthyeſte.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

And yf that olde bokes were awey,
Ylorne were of remembraunce the key.
Wel ought us, thanne, honouren and beleve
Theſe bokes, there we han noon other preve.
"Legende of Goode Women."

November 28.

Nor oon the beste, both of brede and lengthe
So wel ymade by good proporcioun.

"Complaynte of a Loveres Life."

. . . . . bounte and gentylnesse
Ryght comyng, faire and ful of mekenesse
Good and glad.

"A Praise of Women."

Ye mowe preve hyt by allay.

"The Boke of the Duchesse."

November 29.

Ever to be ſtedfaſt and trewe.
"The Boke of the Duchelle."

And by meaſure large were
The openyng of hir yen clere,
Hir noſe of good proporcioun,
Hir eyen grey as is a faucoun;
With litel mouth and round to ſee;
A clove chynne eke hadde ſche.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

November 30.

Thynke ek, how wel and wyſely that he kan
Governe hymſelf, that he nothynge forgeteth
That when he comth, he prys and thanke hem geteth.
"Troylus and Cryſeyde."

Hor bounté, beauté, ſhappe and ſemelyhed
Prudence, witte, pallyngly fairneſſe.
"A Praiſe of Women."

Decembre.

And this was, as thise bookes me remembre
The colde, frosty seloun of Decembre.
Phebus wox old, and hewed lyk latoun,
That in his hoote declynacioun
Shoon as the burned gold, with stremes brighte
But now in Capricorn adoun he lighte
Where as he shoon full pale, I dar wel seyn.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

December 1.

He coulde work and that in sundry wise
He hath ta'en on him many a gret emprise.
"Prologe of the Chanounes Yeman."

As when a man hath ben in pore estate,
And clymbith up, and wexeth fortunate,
And ther abideth in prosperite;
Such thing is gladsome as it thinkith me.
"Prologue of the Nonne Prestes Tale."

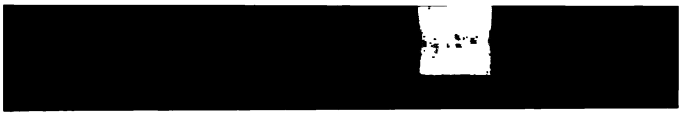
December 2.

If thou habe nede of help, are it of thy frendes, for ther n'is non so good a phyſicien as thy trewe frend.

"Tale of Melibeus."

But though thys mayden tender were of age,
Yet in the breaſt of her virginité
Ther was enclosed rype and sad corage.

"The Clerkes Tale."



December 3.

. . . . . his manner then forth aye
So goodely was, and gat him so in grace,
That each him loved that looked in hys face.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

And fresher than the May with floures new,
For with the rose colour strove her hue;
I n'ot which was the fairer of hem two.
"The Knightes Tale."

December 4.

For everything he ſaide there
Seemed as it inſealed were,
Or approved for very trewe:
Swich was his cunning language newe,
And wel according to his chere.
"Chaucer's Dream."

Schewe now your patience in youre werkyng.
"The Clerkes Tale."

December 5.

Thou canſt not warne him that, with good entente,
Axeth thin help, thin herte is ay ſo free!
"Chaucer's A. B. C."

And Phoebus dyed hath hire trelles grete
Lyke to the ſtremes of his burned hete,
And if that excellent was hire beautee
A thouſand fold more vertuous was ſhe.
"The Doctor's Tale."

December 6.

There as myn hert is set, there wil I wyve.
"The Clerkes Tale."

Thou pynchest at my mutabilité,
For I the lente a drope of my rychelle;
And now me lyketh to withdraw me,
Why sholdestou my realté oppresse?
The see may ebbe and flowen more or lesse
The welkne hath myght to shyne, reyne, or hayle,
Right so mot I kythen my bruteinesse.
"Ballade de Visage Sans Peinture."

December 7.

A fair perſone, and ſtrong, and yong of age,
And ful of honour and of curteiſie.
"The Clerkes Tale."

For a reder that poynteth ſtle
A good ſentence may often ſpille.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

And coude ſwich honour and reverence,
And worthily they preiſen hire prudence.
"The Clerkes Tale."

December 8.

And lawgh this man, that he was lyke a knyghte,
And sufficiaunt of person and of myghte,
And like to ben a verray gentilman.
"Legende of Goode Women."

For her that, with unfeyned humble chere
Was evere redy to do yow socoure.
"The Complaynte of Mars and Venus."

December 9.

When he so trewe is of condicioun,
That in no wise he breaken will his day.
"The Chanounes Yemannes Tale."

. . . . . though that Nature
Would ever strive and do her paine,
She shoulde not con ne mow attaine
The leaste feature to amende,
That to beautie might availle.
"Chaucer's Dream."

December 10.

Or lyke an aungel can I ryde or go
It is no wonder thyng though it be so.
"The Freres Tale."

But wel he knew, that next himself, certayn,
She loved hir children beste in every wyse.
"The Clerkes Tale."

Love will give me strength and hardinesse.
"Legende of Goode Women."

December 11.

Their triumph eke and martial glory;
Which unto hem ys more perfight richels,
Than any wyght imagine can or guels.

"The Flower and the Leaf."

And frendes love that shal yow have of me,
And my good word, al shold I liven ever;
And truely I wold right sorry be,
For to see yow in adversité.

"Troylus and Cryseyde."

December 12.

But ful of patient benignitee
Discrete and prideles, ay honourable.
"The Clerkes Tale."

What is better than Gold? Jaspre.
What is better than Jaspre? Wisedoom.
And what is bettre than Wisedoom?
Womman. And what is bettre than
a good Womman? No thyng.
"Tale of Melibeus."

December 13.

And ſith that god of love hath the bystowede
To place digne unto thi worthineſſe,
Stonde faſte, for to good porte hastow rowede
Hope alwey wele.

"Troylus and Cryseyde."

Mir eyen twoo were clere and lighte
As ony candelle that brenneth brighte.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

December 14.

He gladded me aye more and more
So feithfully to me ſpake he.
"The Houſe of Fame."

Hir eyen lemed anoon ſhe wolde
Have merry,—
Hyt was ne counterfeted thynge
Hyt was her oune pure lokynge
That the goddeſſe, dame Nature
Had made.
"The Boke of the Duchelle."

December 15.

Love of freendshippe also ther is,
Which maketh no man done amys,
Of wille knytt betwixe two,
That wole not breke for wele ne woo.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

That preised was of lowe and hye,
For neither proud ne fool was she
I pray God give hir righte good grace!
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

December 16.

Preſs hath envy, and wele is blent over alle;
Savour no more than the behove ſhalle;
Do wel thy ſelf that other folk canſt rede,
And trouthe the ſhal delyvere, hyt is no drede.
"Fle fro the Pres."

I am, thou woſt, yit of thi compaínye,
A mayde, and love hunting and venerye,
And for to walken in the woodes wylde.
"The Knightes Tale."

December 17.

Bountee cometh al of God, nat of the ſtreen
Of which they been engendred and ybore,
I truſt in Goddes bountee; and therfor
My mariage—and myn eſtaat and reſte
I him bitake—he may doon as hym leſte.

"The Clerkes Tale."

. . . . . ſhe hadde whole richeſſe
Of womanhede and friendlineſſe.

"Chaucer's Dream."

December 18.

This is the life of joye that we ben in
Resemblyng life of heavenly paradise;
Love maketh hertes lusty to devise;
Honour and grace have they in every wise
That ben to loves lawe obedyent;
Love makith folks benign and diligent.

"The Court of Love."

N'as never seen thyng to be praised so dear.

"Troylus and Cryseyde."

December 19.

So like a man of armes and a knyght,
He was to see, fulfilled of high prowesse.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

And certes in this world so faren we;
We seeken faste after felicitee;
But we gon wrong ful ofte trewely,
Thus may we seyen alle.
"The Knightes Tale."

December 20.

How he is semely, biholde and see,
How he ys faire, how he ys free,
How he ys swoote and debonaire,
Of age yonge, lusty and faire.
"The Romaunt of the Rose."

Was nevere bird gladder against the day
Ne nyghtyngale in the seloun of May.
"The Chanounes Yemannes Tale."

December 21.

For of hys tyme, and of hys age alſo,
He proved was.
"Complaynte of a Loveres Life."

Sche was ſo prudent and ſo bounteous.
For which the fame outſprong on every ſyde
Bothe of hir beauté and hir bounté wyde;
That thurgh the land they preyſed hir ſikone
That lovede vertu.
"Tale of the Doctor of Phiſik."

December 22.

Gold ne ſilver ben not ſo much worth as the good will of a trewe frend.

"Tale of Melibeus."

That trouthe hymſelfe, over al and alle,
Hadde choſe hys maner principalle
In hir, that was his reſting-place.

"The Boke of the Duchelle."

December 23.

. . . . . "What man art thou?" quod he.
"Thou lokeſt as thou wouldeſt fynde a hare;
"For ever upon the ground I ſee the ſtare,
"Approche ner and loke merily."
"Prologue to the Rime of Sir Thopas."

Hor which it ſemed thus, that of hem two
Ther nas but one will.
"The Clerkes Tale."

December 24.

. . . . . As far as tongues speken
Ther nas a man of greater hardinesse
Than he, ne more desired worthynesse.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

Ne never saw I a more bounteous
Of her estaat, ne gladder, ne of speech
A friendlier, ne none more gracious
For to do well.
"Troylus and Cryseyde."

December 25.

But if thou canſt mirthis make,
That men in gre wole gladly take,
Do it goodly, I comaunde thee;
For men ſhulde, where-ſo-evere they be,
Do thyng that hem moſt fittyng is,
For therof cometh good loos and priſ.
"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

Taken Hope to councel and to frende.
"The Court of Love."

December 26.

Of al thys worlde the large compace
It wil not in myn armes tweyne;
Whoso mochel wol embrace,
Litel therof he schal distreyne.
"Proverb of Chaucer."

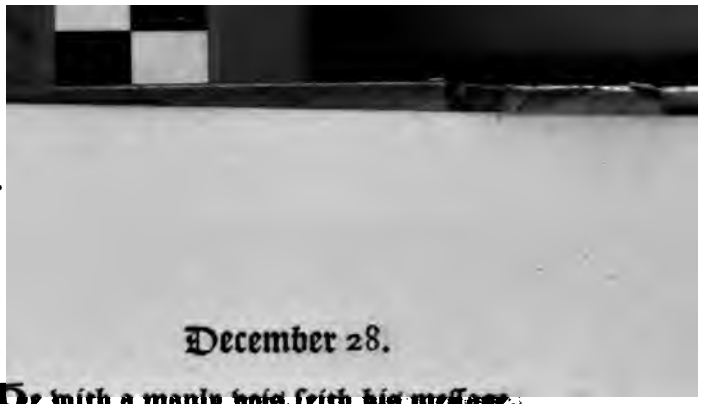
Benygne flour, coroune of vertues alle!
"Complaynte to Pité."

December 27.

Therwith he was, if men ſhuld him deſcribe
Non of the beſte faringe men alyve.
"The Frankeleynes Tale."

And for that faith is ded withouten werkis,
So for to werken gefe me wit and ſpace.
"The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.
"The Nonne Preſtes Tale."



December 28.

He with a manly voys seith his message,
After the forme used in his langage,
Without vice of silable or of letter.
And for his tale sholde seme the better,
Accordaunt to his wordes was his cheere,
As techeth art of speche hem that it leere.
"The Squyeres Tale."

But ful of sweetnesse and of merci ebere.
"Chaucer's A. B. C."

December 29.

He is a foole in ſikernelle,
That with daunger or ſtoutnelle
Rebellith there that he ſhulde plese;
In ſich folye is litel ese.
"The Romaunt of the Role."

But ſhe was yit the faireſt creature
That ever was y-formed by nature.
"Legende of Goode Women."

December 30.

And thenkith, lord, among your thoughtes wise,
How that our dayes passe in sondry wyse,
For though we slepe, or wake, or come, or ryde,
Ay fleth the time, it will no man abyde.

"The Clerkes Tale."

The swetnesse of her melodye
Made al myn herte in reverye.

"The Romaunt of the Rose."

December 31.

And atte the laſte ſo hir governe
To wynne the joy that is eterne,
For preſent tyme abideth nought,
It is more ſwift than any thought.

"The Romaunt of the Roſe."

. . . . . bringe us into that blisful place
There as alle goode women ſhal be infere
In heven above, amonge the angels clere.

"A Praiſe of Women."

. . . . . yf thou kanſt hem knowe,
And in thy bookes alle thou ſhalt hem fynde;
Have hem in thy legende now alle in mynde,
I mene of hem that ben in thy knowing.
"Prologue to the Legende of Goode Women."

O little booke, thou art ſo unconning,
How darſt thow put thyſelf in prees, for drede?
It is wonder that thou wexeſt not rede.
"The Flower and the Leaf."

Glossary.

Glossary.

Avenaunt, pleasant, beautiful.
Avysee, well-advised.
Amenusynge, diminishing.

Biseye, beseen.
Bole, Bull.
Bote or boote, remedy.
Bynyme, take away.
Bilacoil, Good-address.

Casuel, to happen.
Cheere, countenance, disposition.
Clepen, to call.
Conning, knowledge.
Cure, care, notice.

Delyvere, quick, active.
Destanye, destiny.
Drye, suffer.
Dreve, doubt.

Emperyce, empress.
Entetched, endowed.
Engyne, craft.

Faconde, eloquent.
Famulere, easy-mannered.
Faucon, falcon.
Fele, many.
Felliche, fierce.
Fetys, neat, well made.
Flawe, yellow.
Frounceles, without wrinkles.
Fyfte cercle, fifth circle.

Gamede, pleased.
Goste, spirit.
Gounfaucoun, banner, standard.
Gree, willingness, degree.

Hem, them.
Herberwe, harbour.
Hende, courteous.

I-feere, together.
I-lorn, lost.
[i before verbs expressing the perfect participle of the verb].

Latoun, a metal like brass.
Leche, physician.
Lered, learned.
Lewde, ignorant.

Glossary.

Lodemenage, pilotage.
Loos, fame, renown.
Losengour, flatterer.
Lette, hinder.

Mene, middle, moderate.
Mete, well-formed.
Mede, meadow.
Mevynge, deportment.
Misseid, said wrong.

Nys, is not.
Nas, was not.
Ner, were not.

Orysont, horizon.
Ostlements, goods.

Penible, enduring.
Peregral, equal.
Pleyne, complain.
Popped, dressed.
Prees, press.
Pricasour, a hard rider.
Pynche, to find fault with.

Rose in rys, rose on a twig.
Reveth, taketh away.
Routhe, pity, sorrow.
Rede, to advise.

Sadde, steadfast, grave.
Sapience, wisdom, learning.
Savour, smell.
Secre, secret, trustworthy.
Sikernesse, security.
Sothfastnesse, truthfulness.
Stente, stop, cease.
Strees, straws.
Skile, sb. reason, adj. reasonable.
Styf in stour, bold in battle.
Stounde, stroke.
Semelyhede, comeliness.

Taylage, taxes.
Teene, sorrow.
Thewes, manners, moral qualities.
Trenden, to turn.
Tretys, well-proportioned.

Ure, happiness, destiny.

Ween, doubt.
Welefulnesse, blissfulness.
Weyve, turn aside, forsake.
Wirdes, Fates.
Wode, wood.
Wyndre, enshroud, adorn.
Wyntred, wrinkled.
Were, doubt, fear.

Ythewed, gifted with moral qualities.
Ysprained, sprinkled.
Yheried, praised.

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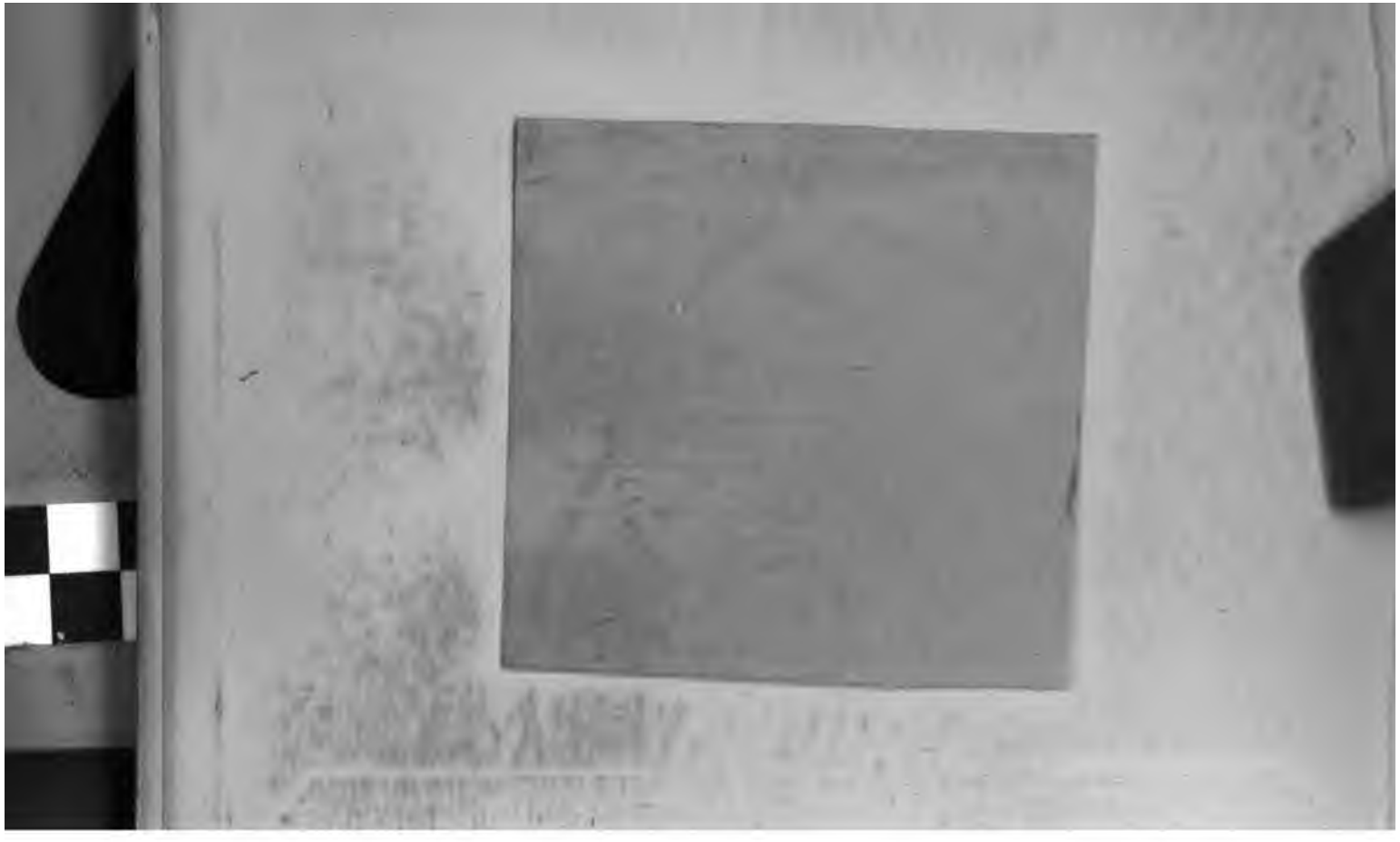
Errata.

Feb. 24, read "han" for "haw."
March 29, „ "han" „ "hau."
June 22, „ "yhen" „ "yhew."